THE NEW

# STATESMAN AND NATION

## The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE public long ago tired of being fooled about Non-Intervention in Spain, and rightly ignores such stories as that Mussolini has decided immediately to withdraw all his troops from Spain. This newspaper story is based, so far as we can ascertain, on nothing but propaganda from the Italian Embassy. Actually the situation is complicated and doubtful. Mussolini's expenditure in Spain is estimated at about twenty-five million pounds, and his prestige is also heavily committed there. His inclination is no doubt to send General Franco that extensive aid that would be necessary to give his projected Spring offensive even a chance of success. But it is by no means certain that the Duce will keep to this plan. He has grave embarrassments outside Spain. In Abyssinia he has a quarter of a million troops whom he has to maintain in the most difficult conditions of outpost and guerilla warfare. The confusion is increased by the change from the dollar to the lira, which has not been understood or accepted by the Abyssinians. He has another large army in Libya. Most important of all, General Franco no longer looks like winning, and a losing war as little suits Mussolini's book as an Italian victory in Spain would suit it. There is no sign that the Duce has decided to withdraw, but it is now just conceivable that he might soon be induced to do so.

### Piracy Again

On the surface at least the Non-Intervention Committee remains exactly where it was, still discussing the proper interpretation of that " substantial withdrawal " of foreign troops which is to precede the recognition of Franco. The Italians call 10 per cent. substantial (which perhaps means about 5,000 men), while the Russian interpretation is 75 per cent. Lord Plymouth seems to hope to bring off a deal somewhere between these outside figures. But while these discussions remain where they were, the situation has really changed in one respect. Even a Conservative Government cannot for ever put up with British sailors being drowned without doing something about it. As they have been drowned by Fascists the outcry from the Conservative benches has until now been moderate. But Mr. Eden's announcement of a tougher policy was sincerely welcomed by all parts of the House last Monday. The attacks have come both from Franco's submarines and aeroplanes. The Nyon patrols are to be immediately strengthened, and any submarine discovered submerged outside territorial waters is to be sunk without notice given. Even more serious was the air attack on the

*Thorpeness* and the sinking of the *Alcira*. In regard to air attack, the Government has addressed a strong warning to General Franco, suggesting that its patience is exhausted and threatening retaliation in case of further outrages.

**Tables Turned at Teruel**

In the mountainous country between Teruel and Montalban the rebels have clearly won a considerable victory. Striking across the Teruel-Saragossa road, they have driven the Government forces off the Sierra Palomera, from which their communications with their Saragossa base were under gun-fire, and claim to have made considerable captures of men and material—at an unknown cost in casualties on their own side. Carried out across the front of the Government troops holding Teruel, the rebel manoeuvre was daring. Its success—aided, though it was, by a great concentration of tanks, aircraft and artillery—suggests that the Teruel garrison had been effectively pinned to its lines on the north and north-west of the city. Strategically the rebels have gained little advantage. With, first, Teruel and now the Sierra Palomera " pinched off " by each side in turn, the famous salient has been considerably flattened. The chances of a break through by either army remain much as before. That the Government has not lost the power of initiative is shown by reports of an offensive on an important scale in the Sierra Cogollos directed against Granada.

**The Size of Warships**

It seems probable that Japan will refuse to " come clean " in reply to the British, French and American Notes requesting assurances that she is not building and does not intend to build battleships or cruisers in excess of the 1936 Naval Treaty size-limit. To that Treaty Japan was not a party, and the signatories reserved the right to resume full liberty of action if any non-signatory laid down before 1943 a capital ship of more than 35,000 tons or carrying guns of over 16-inch calibre, or a cruiser of over 8,000 tons whose guns exceeded 6 inches. Japanese refusal to deny such intentions will obviously be interpreted as signifying that she means to build beyond the Treaty limits, and British insistence on receiving a reply before this year's naval estimates take final shape implies presumably that, with the 1936 Treaty in the melting-pot, we may expect to have to pay for still larger capital ships and possibly (though this seems doubtful) for new 10,000-ton, 8-inch gun cruisers. The United States will doubtless follow suit ; and the Navy Department is understood to have planned 43,000-ton battleships, the maximum size capable of passing through the Panama Canal, at an estimated cost of £17,000,000 a piece. The supplementary naval programme already presented to Congress has encountered some opposition—not from pacifists but from the isolationists, who have voiced suspicions lest America is committed to pulling British chestnuts out of the fire.

**Wehrwirtschaft**

The economic consequences of Hitler's latest *coup* merit almost as much consideration as its political consequences. Dr. Funk has now at last been formally installed as Reich Minister of Economics in succession to Dr. Schacht ; but he takes office as the definite subordinate of Field Marshal Göring, who is thus placed in unquestioned command of the entire field of German economic policy. The Field Marshal's speech at Dr. Funk's installation left no room for doubt as to the meaning of this change. He summed up the policy he intends to follow in the phrase " economic armament." So far from Germany, under its amended regime, being prepared to advance even half a pace towards M. van Zeeland's projects of international economic appeasement, the intention is to intensify the measures leading towards *autarkie* and to increase the regimentation of the German employers under quasi-military control. Numerous army officers are being drafted into the Ministry of Economics, and places of " economic mobilisation " under military auspices are developing on lines which go even beyond the International Conscription notions of the German General Staff in the Great War. If employers do not obey, the Field Marshal says, " the State itself must play its part in economic affairs." The production of substitutes for imports must be carried on at an increasing rate ; and, of course, the German people must tighten its belt yet further, or fill its belly as best it can with foodstuffs of inferior quality and nutritive value.

**The American Labour Split Widens**

Any hopes that still existed of an early peace between the American Federation of Labour and the Committee for Industrial Organisation seem to have vanished with the definite expulsion from the A.F. of L. of several of the C.I.O. Unions, including the United Mine Workers, the union of both the rival protagonists, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Green. The C.I.O. Unions were suspended from membership some time ago ; but the A.F. of L. stopped short of final expulsion ; and this allowed the peace negotiations to be set on foot not wholly without the hope of success. The C.I.O. were willing to dissolve and return to the A.F. of L., if the latter would allow freedom to organise the mass-production industries on industrial as distinct from craft lines. But the A.F. of L. has preferred, to the last, not merely to maintain its own rigid craft organisation, but also to repudiate all attempts to organise the mass-production industries, to which craft methods are manifestly inappropriate, on any other basis. This is a calamity for the rising American Labour Union movement, which will need all its strength in order to resist the determined attack Big Business will certainly launch at the first favourable opportunity. But the leaders of the A.F. of L. appear to be not in the least concerned about the mass of the American workers—only about their own limited monopolies of labour in a narrow range of skilled crafts.

**Food Supplies in War Time**

The debate raised by Mr. Parker on the question of food storage as a precautionary measure against the possibility of war elicited from the Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence a statement which completely failed to meet his critics' case. According to Sir Thomas Inskip, the primary need of defence policy is increased armaments, and this is being fulfilled on a scale which precludes the diversion of supplies of constructional steel for extending storage facilities. The next task is to increase home production of food, and this too—he claimed less convincingly—is being done. Storage, he contended, would be costly, not secure from air attack, and calculated to upset prices through bulk governmental

purchases of foodstuffs. He hinted that something was being done " in silence " by the Government to accumulate supplies, but declined to give any particulars. A much clearer exposition of the Government's policy and its reasons is required. Home production of food could doubtless be increased within the first year of war, as Sir Thomas Inskip argues; but, as Sir Arthur Salter has demonstrated, our present relatively small stocks of imported food supplies mean that in that interregnum a great strain would be placed on our merchant shipping facilities, apart from the fact that a needless proportion of our naval forces might have to be employed in convoy work. Food storage is no substitute for the command of the seas, or for greater development of English agriculture, but it is an essential part of co-ordinated defence.

### The Surrender to Vested Interests

Our last week's prophecy that Part II of the Coal Bill would never get on the statute book in a workable shape has been verified even more promptly than we had expected. The Government has abjectly surrendered to the coalowners and their parliamentary lobby. Part II was full enough of loopholes when it was first introduced: it is now very nearly as unworkable as the amalgamation sections of the Act of 1930. The Provisional Order procedure makes every proposed amalgamation a political question; and, as Sir Stafford Cripps pointed out in the debate, the number of stages through which every scheme will have to pass is so great as to make the entire procedure a farce. On the other hand, the coalowners' lobby has successfully intimidated the Government into resisting all proposals for safeguards in other parts of the Bill in the miners' or the consumers' interests. Sir Arthur Salter, in an admirable letter to the *Times*, points a moral which we think will be widely drawn by others besides himself who are not Socialists, and have on the whole a desire to maintain private enterprise under reasonable safeguards. We are, he says, building up in one industry after another " a completely new economic system " of special protection to private enterprise. But it should be an essential condition of such a system that " the Government should govern," as the servant of the public as a whole. " In case after case it is not being so applied." Sir Arthur concludes that there are many who, like himself, " if forced to choose between an obviously unjust semi-State system imposed by a State which has been captured by sectional interests, and a more complete State system, from which private enterprise has been eliminated, would, reluctantly but without hesitation, choose the latter."

### The Downward Trend

At the present rate of increase unemployment will soon be back at two millions and we shall still be told that the country is in the middle of a boom. So, indeed, it is, as far as profits and activity in the heavy industires are concerned; the fall in activity at present affects mainly the consumers' trades, especially those making luxury goods. It is true that the January figures, while they show a substantial rise in total unemployment, show less than the normal seasonal increase of recent years—considerably more, however, than occurred in January 1937. But in the textile, furnishing and other consumers' trades, including export trades such as cotton, the decline is serious. Building, on the other hand, shows some recovery, corresponding to the increase in the value of building plans passed during the last two or three months; and in this industry it can be said that a form of " public works " is already making some contribution towards checking the rise in unemployment. But a total of 1,828,000 unemployed, despite the high activity in the heavy industries owing to re-armament, is fully serious enough to call for remedial measures. The downswing of the trade cycle has manifestly begun, and would have carried employment down a lot farther but for rearmament.

### "Laisser Faire" and the Hen

The report of the Poultry Technical Committee constitutes in its limited sphere an indictment of the whole system of unregulated private enterprise. The Committee finds that the poultry industry to-day is struggling under an almost impossible handicap of diseased or weakly stock; in the last ten years deaths at egg-laying trials have risen from 6.6 to 17.7 per cent., and in Yorkshire a survey of twenty-six farms showed that there had been a 60 per cent. mortality among hens in the laying flocks. This situation, according to the report, is the result of the too rapid expansion of the industry in post-war years under the stimulus of high egg prices. Exploiting the demand for stock, hatching eggs and day-old chicks, breeders and distributors—in some cases through ignorance, in others through dishonesty—have caused the industry to be permeated with stock of low vitality and stamina, vulnerable to the many diseases prone to attack the poultry yard. The Committee recommends the establishment of a Poultry Commission with wide powers to enforce compulsory registration of every stock distributor, and to impose regulations governing distributing firms and hatcheries. Once again the State has to step in and endeavour to undo the damage wrought by private enterprise.

### The Great Wen

The statement of evidence approved by the London County Council for submission to the Royal Commission on the location of industry makes tragic reading: the evils are so manifest, the cure at this stage so difficult. Thanks partly to immigration of labour from depressed areas in the fifteen years following the war, but mainly to the development of new, light industries on the fringes of the L.C.C. area, Greater London has sprawled in vast, unregulated growth. Development of the Metropolis, the statement mildly observes, has " already exceeded the aggregate which would have been desirable on town-planning principles." But can the clock be put back? The authors of the statement are clearly doubtful. The principle of State control of the location of industry is approved, and it is implied that future immigration of factories into Greater London might be restricted. But the working population now centred in the Great Wen must be given employment. Artificial diversion of existing industries from Greater London to other parts of the country " might well result in the creation of a new distressed area in the capital city." Thus lamentably has a vested interest been created in London's own fatty degeneration.

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# THE SECOND PURGE

HITLER'S second purge shows an immense advance in poise and technique over his previous performance. It may have been ruthless but it was bloodless. When one read his two letters of thanks to his victims, that to Marshal von Blomberg generous and effusive, that to General von Fritsch cold and grudging, one had to realise that the Führer has acquired in five years some of the subtler arts of the governing man. Some critics have suggested that by leaving the fourteen generals alive, he showed a trace of weakness. On the contrary, this respectable moderation is a proof rather of self-confidence. The June massacre made an impression of panic: it was the act of a young and insecure despotism. Yet these generals whom Hitler has deposed represented a power incomparably more formidable than the storm-troop leaders whom he destroyed. Röhm, Heines and their colleagues of the Nazi Left were mere adventurers; a year before their end the average German citizen would have called them gangsters. The generals, on the other hand, were the hope, not merely of all that is Prussian and traditional in the army; they were the only spokesmen of the Junker caste who still carried their heads high. To get rid of them with such quiet efficiency was no small feat, for a former corporal and house-painter.

With this performance the Totalitarian State has achieved something approaching final perfection. It swept away promptly and with ease all the rival political parties, crushed the Trade Unions, "standardised" the press, and purged the universities. The Churches preserved their identity much longer; there is still a fluctuating struggle with the Papacy, but save from a small fundamentalist Protestant minority there is little effective resistance. As for Big Business it grumbles inaudibly in luxurious corners and pours into sympathetic foreign ears its predictions of economic ruin; but of resistance it does not dream.

One rock alone stood erect above the Nazi flood. The army kept its traditions and the High Command retained the unyielding Junker outlook that had already survived fifteen years of the alien republican system. It was no more National-Socialist than it had ever been democratic. In vain did the non-commissioned ranks attempt to fraternise with their betters. This caste had outlived two revolutions, and it was true to itself when it made in its last hours an inept fuss because a Field-Marshal married "beneath him." It had its own reasons for tolerating and serving the National-Socialist regime, but it never identified itself with this typically lower-middle-class party. Of course, it preferred the Führer and his peculiar brand of Fascism to democracy and the spirit of Weimar. Born in humiliation and defeat, the Republic had acquiesced in disarmament. Hitler promised to restore its power and its glory, and he kept his word. Without the friendly neutrality of the Reichswehr, he could never have climbed to power; without its loyal support his authority must have crumbled. But its loyalty partook of aloofness: it never adopted the Nazi ideology. In the early days, at least, it protected some officers with a faint stain of Jewish blood. It disliked the humiliation of the churches. It resisted the pressure of the propaganda department which tried to promote "German Christianity" and other eccentricities of Dr. Goebbels in its barracks. All this implied a quiet, unobtrusive defiance of the Nazi idea. For National-Socialism is more than a system of obedience: it requires uniformity of thought. The Totalitarian State has no use for a neutral, non-political army. Its army must be, like every public institution on German soil, an extension and incarnation of its governing party.

There were, however, reasons very much more definite than this for the purge. We are not disposed to credit either of the more startling rumours which allege that General von Fritsch held treasonable conversations with the French or planned to restore a junior Hohenzollern prince. But no one doubts that the High Command and the General Staff held heretical views on foreign policy, and backed them with an independence obnoxious to a Dictator. Their reasons for caution and moderation were partly technical. They knew, as the civilian leaders of Nazi policy may not have known, that their new conscript army, suddenly expanded, lacking in reserves and still at an early stage of its training, could not have faced all the risks the Führer ran. That was why they opposed the re-occupation of the Rhineland, since they could not have defended it had the French made up their minds to attack. Again, they are far from sharing the Duce's view of the capacities of the Italian army, and this, combined with memories of the Ally's desertion in 1914, led them to take a critical attitude to the Rome-Berlin axis. During many years of mutual help they had come to take a respectful view of the Red Army, and had no wish to be involved in an adventure for the capture of the Ukraine. Some of them, again, had worked as advisers and instructors in China. They felt, therefore, even less enthusiasm for the triple alliance "against the Comintern" (to be interpreted at will as the Soviet Union, or such countries as France, Czechoslovakia and Britain in which free institutions still lingered) than for the Rome-Berlin axis. While they may have welcomed the chance of testing their new weapons in Spain, they are said to have disliked the whole Spanish adventure, for they admired General Franco as little as they trusted Mussolini. All this had made them difficult and obstructive colleagues in the Nazi game of bluff and expansion. They may not have understood how much can be achieved by audacious bluff against irresolute and divided opponents. While they also believe in expansion and power-politics, they stood for moderation and caution until their instrument of self-assertion should be ready for every test.

The outcome of this purge is unquestionably a victory for the extremer tendencies in Nazi policy. Its will has prevailed over the caution of the soldiers, as it prevailed over the economic orthodoxy of Dr. Schacht. The meaning of the new phase is underlined by the promotion of Herr von Ribbentrop to the direction of foreign policy. This man may be a clumsy amateur, but he is a fanatical and humourless "anti-Communist," and may even claim the glory of creating the triple ideological alliance. The cautious, elderly Herr von Neurath can no longer use his executive authority to check the ardour of his Nazi colleagues, though he will fill the chair of a new Privy Council that is to advise the Führer on foreign affairs. The most probable explanation of the removal of the two ambassadors, both professional diplomatists, from key positions in Rome and Tokio, is that they, too, like the

soldiers, knew rather more about the weak points of the Italian and Japanese structures than ardent Nazis care to believe. Taken together, these dismissals and nominations point to a resolute and unflinching pursuit of Nazi policy on its extremer lines. There will be no hesitations or ambiguities in its alliance with Rome. It will flinch from no course that weakens or threatens the Soviet Union. It may plunge a little deeper into the Spanish adventure. It will certainly continue to consolidate its power in Eastern Europe by grouping Belgrade, Athens and Bucharest round itself. How soon it will be ready for some more reckless move in Vienna or against Prague we do not pretend to know. What is clear is that some forces making for restraint have been removed.

It is to be foreseen that this purge will have its effect on British policy. The pro-German school, which needs to point alternately to Big Business and the High Command as guarantees for the eventual sanity of Nazi policy, has had its answer. The steam-roller has passed over them both. Since the Foreign Office is a traditional institution one might have predicted its reaction to this event. Its constant efforts to reach another "gentleman's agreement" with Mussolini have been intensified; it tries to believe that the Italian army in Spain will not be reinforced (as the French predict) but on the contrary, withdrawn. So far as Spain or at least Mediterranean piracy is concerned, British pressure, if sincere, might accomplish much, but Mussolini will scarcely abandon the Rome-Berlin axis at the moment when Hitler has made a sweeping purge to strengthen it. If he could be bought out, it would be at a price which we have neither the ability nor the right to pay. We doubt if Mussolini could be more than temporarily seduced from his alliance with Berlin, even if London smiled on his possession of Abyssinia, forwarded his ambitions in Spain, and financed him to develop them both. Nothing we could do would go further to confirm his rooted belief that the British Empire is decadent.

## MISERY—BY INSTALMENTS

WHETHER the system of hire-purchase contributes anything to the common good or to the welfare and happiness of individuals is a highly debatable question. From the point of view of a nation's economy, its inauguration (or a sudden, large extension of its use) can obviously provide an immediate, inflationary stimulus to industry: an effective demand for goods is instantly created. But if money subsequently required to meet instalments is found by abstaining from other forms of consumption, there is ultimately no gain in aggregate consuming power; all that happens is that demand is diverted from little marginal luxuries—chocolates, cigarettes, beer and cinemas—or even from food, to more or less durable household furniture and gadgets. Only on the assumption that people will not save in advance to buy objects which they desire, but that, given immediate enjoyment of them on credit, they will be ready and able to earn more in order to pay for them, is there an arguable case economically for hire-purchase. Practical experience, both in this country and—above all—in the United States, has shown that it works tolerably from a national point of view during a period of rising prosperity, but that the mass indebtedness which it creates intensifies the slump when the trade cycle turns downward, and delays recovery.

From the point of view of the individual, there is abundant evidence that hire-purchase has been a fruitful begetter of misery. It has exposed countless working-class and lower middle-class households to temptations towards extravagance which they have bitterly rued. By its facile use they have saddled themselves with crippling obligations—all for the possession of a momentarily tempting article which they did not really need and from which they derived no enduring happiness. Hire-purchase has left among its victims a sorry trail of frauds against vendors, domestic deception, crime and suicide. Even when conducted by reputable firms with a record of fair dealing, it is a thoroughly vicious system whose total suppression by the State (save in a few special cases such as gas or electric installations by public utility companies) would have much to commend it.

No such interference with private enterprise could be expected from the present Parliament; but it is much to be hoped that Parliamentary time will be found to secure the passage of a Bill which Miss Ellen Wilkinson is sponsoring, and which is now about to enter the Committee stage after securing a Second Reading without a division last December. Its object is to eliminate some of the grosser abuses of the hire-purchase system—evils to which the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has persistently directed attention. It accepts the fact that hire-purchase has become an integral part of the country's economy—estimates put the number of households fulfilling contracts at any time as high as five millions—but it represents a practical and urgently needed effort to check the practices of unscrupulous firms who have exploited the system most cruelly.

The Bill provides that in all hire-purchase and credit sale agreements not involving more than £100 (or £50 for a single article) the hirer must be informed of the cash price as well as the hire-purchase price of the goods bought. Contracts relating to goods costing under £20 must be signed personally by the hirer—i.e. they will not be valid if signed by his wife. Requirements are laid down governing implied warranties as to the quality of goods sold. Separate contracts must be drawn up for each set of goods purchased; that is, the present system of "linked" agreements becomes illegal. Conditions are prescribed under which the hirer may terminate the contract by returning the goods and paying a stated proportion (30 to 50 per cent.) of the price. Finally, and most important, it is provided that, in the event of the hirer's failure to meet an instalment due, the vendor may not immediately resume possession of the goods. He must give the hirer seven days' notice of his intention to do so, and the hirer may then apply for relief to the county court. The court will hear the application and may, at its discretion, order the return of the goods, or make stay of such an order conditional on the hirer's maintaining future payments on a scale decided by the court.

This may not be a perfect Bill, but it is a good Bill. So long as the credit system exists and is made available by hire-purchase firms to consumers with few resources and precarious incomes, purchasers cannot wholly be protected by legislation from the consequences of their own folly. But the measure now before Parliament will at least go far to ensure that purchasers are placed in a position to compare hire-purchase prices with those obtainable for cash; that they are not bound to contracts to pay for goods which prove on delivery to be shoddy rubbish; and that they cannot be made to forfeit goods fully paid for under one contract because of failure to fulfil a later "linked" agreement. The exploitation of gullible women by high-pressure salesmen canvassing from door to door during the husbands' absence at work will at least be restricted, and the present scandal of wives being cajoled or bullied into signing incomprehensible and often fraudulent contracts stopped. Above all, a limit will be placed to the unconscionable practice of "snatching back" goods from a honest purchaser who has failed to keep up the prescribed schedule of payments.

Monstrous instances were cited in the Second Reading debate on the Bill. A poor woman who contracted to pay £27 for furniture had paid nearly £26 when she defaulted on an instalment. After legal process the vendors removed, in her absence, all the purchased goods together with what

they considered to be £5 worth of her other few chattels to cover costs of £6. Countless similar cases could be adduced. There are 180,000 seizures a year, effected often with the aid of hired bruisers, and many hire-purchase firms make their profits by selling, over and over again, goods originally sold at double and treble the manufacturer's price. County court judges, powerless to-day to prevent these practices, will at least be empowered by the Bill to abate the evil. On this ground alone the measure deserves to become law. If amendment can be secured without obstructive controversy, it might well be strengthened by two additional clauses forbidding, first, the extension of agreements beyond a relatively brief period, and secondly, the employment of salesmen remunerated—beyond, perhaps, a small, stipulated percentage—by way of commission, a basis which incites the canvasser to use the basest arts of misrepresentation and hand-forcing in order to earn his daily bread.

## A LONDON DIARY

Mr. Robert Boothby's recent speech about National Service, significantly supported by a *Times* editorial (but not by any enthusiastic letters in the *Times* correspondence columns), Sir Edward Griggs' article in the *Observer* suggesting that our old prejudice against compulsion has now largely broken down and the so far discreet propaganda of Lord Willingdon's Army League—all these are hints, more than straws in the wind, thin ends, one may say, of a very formidable wedge. Like rearmament itself, conscription is to be introduced bit by bit; a sudden dollop might sting the Labour Party into activity and would quadruple the membership of the Peace Pledge Union, but conscription, little by little, on the instalment system, delivered in plain vans, may perhaps be put over without meeting any great sales resistance. It is a reasonable calculation; for people who have no moral objection to compulsion cannot see how those who accept rearmament can logically resist the whole hog of conscription. To which the first answer is that Britain is not planning to possess a great national army or send anything more than a small professional expeditionary force abroad and that the reason for all this talk of compulsion is to destroy democratic independence and the possibility of opposition to war. Many of those who call on us to get fit to "fight Fascism" are the last who want to fight it; they merely want to introduce Fascism in a mild form here. They desire not a conscript army, but a tame civil public. Indeed, there is much, as they well know, to appeal to a revolutionary in the idea of building a citizens' army. They want not an armed proletariat, but a Totalitarian silence.

* * *

A full account has now reached me of the events that occurred when the Japanese entered Nanking. The account is taken from the diary of a resident who was on the spot when the incidents took place. Another observer who has just returned from Shanghai confirms the story of this diary and adds that he can scarcely stomach the propaganda of people like Count Tushi who are going about here saying that Japanese bombers don't really kill many people, and so forth. Apart from the fact that this is untrue even in places like Shanghai, my friend says that in the outlying villages, where foreigners are not usually present, the Japanese bombers come down near to the ground and sweep the streets with machine guns. Similarly it is to be noticed that the events reported from Nanking only refer to a single place under foreign observation where the Japanese troops would be comparatively restrained. The daily extracts for their diary all tell the same tale of Japanese soldiers regarding the capture of a town as the opportunity for murder, rape and pillage. Particularly rape. About this the diary is monotonous—each day the number raped in such and such a spot (within the University precincts, for example), so many women carried off, so many released after violation, so many never returning. University servants were beaten up for not providing women for the victorious troops. This daily record is punctuated by examples of houses fired and looted, mail opened and individuals robbed by Japanese soldiers. All this in spite of the arrival in Nanking of civilian officials for the Japanese Embassy sent with the avowed intention of moderating the ardour of the soldiers for the benefit of any foreign observers who might not approve of indiscipline!

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Unless you read the *Daily Worker*, which gives rather too flamboyant and optimistic an account of the affair, it is quite difficult to find out what has been happening to Japanese ships in the docks. This seems odd to me, for it is a good news story—the story of the arrival of the *Duchess of Richmond*, which the Southampton dockers refused to unload and which went back to Canada with its Japanese cargo still on board, and now the story of the *Haruna Maru*, which tried to pick up a cargo of pig iron and sheet metal at Middlesbrough and again in London, was turned down by the dockers and lightermen at both ports, and went off without its load. It seems to me a good news story: I should have expected my morning paper, for instance, to have told me what happened at the dockers' meeting in Canning Town, when delegates came from Southampton and Middlesbrough, and I should have liked to know too the details about the use of "unregistered" labour in the London docks and to have read interviews with the men's leaders explaining why two other Japanese boats are being unloaded at the moment. But apart from paragraphs in the *News Chronicle* the whole story seems to have been missed in the press. The only reference I have seen in the *Daily Herald*, which one would have expected to splash it, was a sentence in its "Not in the Headlines" column, simply stating that the *Haruna Maru* had left without cargo. But why not in the headlines? The reason can scarcely be political seeing that a boycott of Japan is official Labour policy. For the same reason I am at a loss to know why the Labour Party has not yet sent a line of congratulation to the dockers, who have given so lively a lead in a direction in which the Party says it wishes to travel.

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Notwithstanding this year's 30*s*. per ton increase in the cost of paper and the probability that the price of British supplies for 1939 will rise still further, Fleet Street's circulation war still seems to continue hotly. Last year's net results form a curious commentary on popular taste. At one end of the penny daily scale of "respectability" in a journalistic sense, the *Daily Telegraph* has scored a gain of over 100,000 in net sale, retaining apparently the great bulk of the *Morning Post's* readership. At the other end, the *Daily Mirror* (whose policy is now to ape, it would seem, the manner and matter of the New York "tabloid") has forged ahead, and has now (I am told) the largest circulation in the London area of any single paper. Between these extremes, the *Daily Express*—amusing, technically slick, irresponsible in opinion—reached 2,414,000 copies a day in October. Its sale has since hung fire, and it seems questionable whether Lord Beaverbrook will attain his proclaimed objective of 3,000,000 copies daily. The *Daily Herald* published a twelve months' certificate "in excess of 2,000,000" copies to November 30th, but Fleet Street doubts whether it still tops the two million mark. The *Daily Mail* has dropped on the year from 1,717,000 to 1,602,000, and the *News Chronicle* (latest figure 1,301,000) seems barely to be holding its ground. Meanwhile contending armies of canvassers continue to "quarter" the ground from Land's End to Wick at a cost of anything from £4–6,000 a week per paper—which is all the more remarkable when we recall Lord Beaverbrook's candid denunciation of artificially and uneconomic inflated net sales not so long ago.

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*The London Mercury* (February number) has "scooped" Shaw's last act to *Cymbeline*. Having read it I am not at all keen on seeing it acted, but it is amusing to compare it with the original, and there is, of course, the characteristic preface.

Shaw lists some of his predecessors in the art of improving Shakespeare—Garrick's happy ending to *Lear* was the most famous. He himself, he points out, is only touching up *bad* Shakespeare, and he thrusts aside unsavoury comparisons in favour of Mozart's additions to *The Messiah*, and Beethoven's Diabelli variations. Well, the Shakespeare of that act may be bad and is certainly muddled, but is bad Shaw any substitute? The whole act is in blank verse—too blank to my thinking. The best moments are Posthumus' original speeches and a few of the new lines which are pure parody. Iachimo's "We are damned for this. Let's cut each other's throats," would raise a laugh, and the references to the Abdication are still topical. Shaw straightens out Shakespeare's situation by changing the mood; and Shaw's Imogen behaves at the end more as a woman might behave than Shakespeare's. I think that that is about all there is to be said for the new version. The problem that intrigues me is this: Does Shaw really believe his old joke of "better than Shakespeare"? If one could answer that, one would have got down to the roots of a fascinating and complicated character.

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Just why a correspondent should think an account of mass hysteria in New York suitable for *This England* I cannot guess. But the extract he sends is in itself well worth comment. Apparently "swing" music played by a particular orchestra is so potent that the Paramount Cinema which holds about 3,000 people was packed on consecutive nights "with screaming audiences writhing, grunting and dancing in front of their seats and in the aisles." Girls leapt up to dance, climbing on to the stage, calling "Get hot! Swing it!" and squads of foot and mounted police arrived to quell the riot. Psychologists were delighted and arrived with note-books to do a little mass observation. A professor from New York University commented on the surprising scene as "a perfect example of crowd behaviour." But a cinema official said: "I think they're just plain nuts." This story exactly summarises my reactions to the world situation. I open a morning newspaper and read, at first laboriously reminding myself that everything has a cause and a cure, and repeating, while I read the column about Hitler, the various truths I have learnt about "inferiority" and mass hysteria. Over Japan and the Far East my science and my patience wear a little thin. By the time I'm through with Mussolini, piracy and non-intervention, I have reached the point of view of the cinema official. "Oh, nuts," I say, "I think they're just plain nuts!"

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No one who has read the *Arabian Nights* will be surprised by the report that Mussolini's Arab broadcasts are proving more popular than the British because each of them ends with a dirty story. This seems to put the B.B.C. into an awkward dilemma. I have no objection to cementing the British Empire with smut, but I doubt if Sir John Reith's principles are equally elastic.

CRITIC

## THIS ENGLAND

**Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mrs. J. E. Toft.**

**All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.**

**Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.**

On Saturday an arm weighted with a brick was found in the river.

Yesterday a crowd of several thousands gathered on the bridge and along the banks of the river to watch the operations. Parents brought their children and settled down with picnic baskets, prepared for a long wait in spite of the cold. A group of elderly women were seated on a bench with rugs over their knees long before the dragging and diving operations were resumed. On another bench was a well-dressed woman watching through field-glasses. Hundreds of cars stretched from each side of the bridge, and policemen and extra A.A. patrols had to be stationed to control the traffic.—Report in *Manchester Guardian.*

Old soldiers in Margate (Kent) have given up swearing. Last year the Chairman of the Margate British Legion, Mr. J. J. Jones, appealed to nearly 300 members to stop using bad language. He declared it was keeping other men away.—*Sunday Referee.*

Mr. Hart came up to say another fox had been seen in front of his house, but before putting hounds on the line Lord Knutsford took the opportunity to blood Mr. Hart's two-day-old son and heir, who was brought to the front door by a horrified nurse. No future foxhunter can have had a much earlier initiation.—Provincial paper.

When one considers the support which agriculture gives to the Church it is particularly ironical that the dense ivy on many churches should be allowed to harbour large colonies of sparrows.—*Estate Magazine.*

Mr. W. W. Wakefield (Cons., Swindon), the famous Rugby player, moving the rejection of the Bill, said that he could not see how the Bill would benefit the coal industry or the nation. He had many happy personal memories of playing football both with and against miners in all parts of the country.—*Evening Standard.*

Mr. Duff-Cooper has the unimpeachable background of Eton and Oxford with, in addition, a seasoning of the Foreign Office. No Member of Parliament could have a wife more capable of charming the recalcitrant voter than Lady Diana. Though he does not give the impression of liking humanity very much, his father was a distinguished surgeon, and his mother, a sister of the first Duke of Fife, served as a young woman in a hospital. Such a humanitarian background should have softened him.—Atticus in the *Sunday Times.*

The birth of a daughter to Princess Juliana confirms the prophecies of the astrologers, who saw no grounds for the hope that there would be a male heir to the Throne.—*Daily Mail.*

Quite definitely, the man who is at home with cats is more than likely to be the right kind of person to share your own home with.—*Home Notes.*

Property owners and residents in Camden Road, St. Pancras, formed last night a fighting fund with which to oppose a London County Council plan to acquire their premises by compulsory purchase so that 220 flats can be built for rehousing working-class people.

The L.C.C. estimate that the scheme will cost £70,000, and will provide accommodation for 1,070 people.

Mr. R. Grant-Ferris, Conservative M.P. for North St. Pancras, said that there is no demand in the neighbourhood for the flats so that it is natural to assume they will be used to rehouse people from the East End. "In other words," he said, "this is sheer political exploitation for vote-catching. The Council will bring surplus Socialist voters from the East End to this constituency, where Conservatives hold a narrow majority.—*Evening Standard.*

My informant held the view that fathers who had served in the cavalry or Royal Artillery would no longer encourage their sons to join the Army if they were denied facilities for hunting, polo and racing. —*Daily Telegraph and Morning Post.*

## OIL AND THE DICTATORSHIPS

IN a totalitarian State economic strain may long continue without a financial collapse, for the reason that an all-powerful Government controls every function of the financial machine. Consider the adroitness of German finance. In the last five years the Reich budgetary expenditure has leapt from Rm. 9,700 to 25,000 millions a year; it has been met by raising taxation from Rm. 6,800 to 14,000 millions a year and by borrowing the balance, partly through long-term loans, partly through issues of Treasury bills. The financial price of German rearmament has been an increase in the internal debt from Rm. 9,500 millions to Rm. 38,000 millions, but it does not endanger the dictatorship. With the continued rise in industrial output made necessary by the rearmament programme taxable revenues go on increasing, and as long as any surplus remains in the hands of industrial firms or banks or savings institutions, the Government can borrow it. If, in spite of its wide powers, the Reich Government were to find it difficult to mobilise these private surpluses, Hitler would no doubt follow Mussolini's

example and impose a levy on capital. Nor must we forget that both the German and Italian Governments force the exporter to hand over virtually all his foreign exchange. Financial collapse is not imminent.

But the economic strain increases. Rearmament throws a terrific burden on countries which, like Germany and Italy, are deficient in the raw materials of industry. The only raw materials which Germany possesses in plenty are coal and potash; Italy has not even coal. Thus, when rearmament calls for further imports of iron ore, manganese, copper, lead, tin, wolfram, etc., and when exports cannot be expanded any further by the process of dumping, then the dictatorships, having long ago exhausted their reserves of gold and foreign assets, are compelled to restrict their imports of non-armament materials, which means in the case of Germany a reduction in food. This explains the determined move towards economic *autarkie* in the totalitarian countries. In Germany, thanks to technical skill, large-scale production of synthetic rubber, petrol, textile fibres and resin has already been achieved, while Italy is now making headway in the manufacture of synthetic wool and petrol. Nevertheless, every attempt to replace foreign raw materials by domestically produced substitutes increases the costs of production, reduces the quality of output and accentuates the rise in the cost of living. The standard of living inevitably falls—in spite of the increase in employment. So the economic strains and stresses of the dictatorships are becoming more severe as each month passes. It is possible that another bad harvest might precipitate a crisis. The breaking-point, however, can only come when a sufficient number of recalcitrant people say to themselves that death is better than living under such intolerable conditions. In other words, the only breaking-point for a dictatorship is revolution. The hour of revolution may still be a long way off, but it draws nearer.

Some unpleasant questions arise at this point: Are the dictators themselves likely to wait for economic stress to breed the revolution. Will they not stave off disaster by war? Will they not strike to dispossess the democratic powers of their colonial raw materials and their sources of food supplies? The answer, I believe, is to be found in oil—the raw material of war. No war can be fought in these days of aerial armadas, mechanised land forces and navies consuming liquid fuel, unless the aggressor has achieved independence in the supply or reserves of oil. In the game of power politics *autarkie* in oil is the trump card. If the dictatorships ever secure it, we must beware. Let us see how far they have succeeded in achieving self-sufficiency in oil.

Germany last year consumed about 5.6 million tons of refined oil products, of which 2.6 million tons were motor fuels. She has already made herself independent to the extent of nearly two-thirds of her petrol requirements—thanks to her production of synthetic petrol, of benzol and alcohol, and to the intensive development of her small crude oil fields. The 1937 figures of domestic production are—synthetic petrol 800,000 tons, petrol from domestic crude oil 100,000 tons, benzol from gas and coke-oven plants 400,000 tons, industrial alcohol 200,000 tons—total 1,500,000 tons. This year the output will be greater. Germany has been the pioneer in the manufacture of synthetic petrol—mainly by the I.G. Farbenindustrie hydrogenation process, partly by the Fischer Tropsch gas-synthesis process. Of course, the cost has been enormous. The manufacturers of synthetic petrol and alcohol have to be subsidised, and it is estimated that 56 per cent. of the price of domestic petrol selling at 39 pf. per litre represents duties and subsidies. If foreign exchange were available, Germany could import "natural" petrol at less than one-third of the cost of synthetic petrol. But it is not a question of economics or finance: it is a matter of defence—or of military preparedness for aggression.

Mussolini has boasted that Italy will be independent of foreign supplies of petrol and lubricating oils by the second half of 1938, but the experts declare that this is impossible. Last year Italy consumed 2.7 million tons of refined oil products, of which 400,000 tons were petrol (one-tenth the petrol requirements of Great Britain.) The Supreme Autarkie Commission has been working along these lines—the development of crude oil fields in Albania, the manufacture of synthetic petrol, benzol and alcohol, and the introduction of the relatively inefficient driving force of charcoal gas in commercial motor transport. Last year's beet sugar crop was partly a failure, so that probably less than half the estimated 106,000 tons of alcohol was made available. The manufacture of synthetic petrol is only just starting and the raw materials have in part to be imported from Germany in the shape of lignite. Two hydrogenation plants—at Bari and Leghorn—are being erected, the first for the treatment of the heavy Albanian crude oil, the second for other heavy oils. These plants have a total annual capacity of 150,000 tons each and will come into operation about the middle of 1938. Another hydrogenation plant for the treatment of lignite and shale is scheduled for the Val d'Arno area, but building has not yet begun. Mussolini's claims about oil independence have yet to be proved. For the Abyssinian war he had accumulated about one year's supply of oil in reserve, but Marshal de Bono has made it clear that an embargo on oil supplies to Italy at that time would have made them desperate.

To watch these two dictatorships feverishly spending vast sums on the erection of costly hydrogenation plants for the manufacture of synthetic petrol which is three times as expensive as the natural product—an enterprise which the head of Imperial Chemical Industries, with his experience of their Billingham plant, has declared to be commercially unprofitable—is not a pleasant spectacle. But it should not alarm us unduly. In the first place, the *autarkie* efforts of the totalitarian States are concentrated on the production of motor spirit, but petrol is not everything. From a military and naval point of view, other oils, particularly lubricating oils and gas oils for diesel engines, are as vital as petrol, and, happily, the hydrogenation process does not yet appear to have produced commercially a good lubricating oil. Secondly, the synthetic oil processes do not yield the heavy fuel oils for burning under boilers, which account for the bulk of the oil requirements of any maritime Power. Thus, last year, Italy's consumption of petrol and lubricating oils amounted to only 500,000 tons, but her consumption of diesel oil and bunker fuel oil was no less than 1,500,000 tons. In the third place, these great hydrogenation plants, expensive both to erect and to maintain, are extremely vulnerable to air attack. Finally, the costliness of the *autarkie* programme, particularly in oil, is eating into the economic reserves of the dictatorship countries and it is doubtful whether they will achieve complete independence in oil supplies before the economic breaking-point of their system is reached.

NICHOLAS DAVENPORT

## THE CLASS STRUGGLE IN MEXICO.—I.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT RECENTLY IN MEXICO)

WHEN people say that the Mexican Government is Communist they are falling into the trap that Fascists everywhere lay for them. Mexico is "Communist" only in the sense that every country is potentially Communist in which an instalment of freedom and political power has been given to the workers and peasants. They demand radical changes; they threaten the power of their traditional economic and intellectual exploiters; they are only likely to become "Communists" if those whose power and privilege is threatened by the workers' demand for freedom compel them to defend their newly acquired rights by force of arms. The Government they want is not Communist, but reformist. And that is true of the radical Government of President Cardenas.

The policy of President Cardenas was embodied in a six-year plan. Naturally, in a country that had reached Mexico's stage of development, this applied first to agriculture. Millions of acres of the richest privately owned farmland in the country

has been expropriated from large landholders, who were only compensated by agrarian bonds, which are not worth much in the open market. Over large areas the confiscated land has been divided up into smaller parcels and redistributed to the individual peons who formerly worked the land as hired help.

Although the government holds the original title to this land, the peon may consider it his own private property, to work, reap from and pass on to his heirs. Resale or mortgaging is prohibited. The land must be kept by the farmer to whom it is issued and must be worked zealously if the Government is not to claim it again. Since the peons are notoriously poor and ill-educated, the Government has helped them financially through the first lean years of this changing economy. It lends them machinery, seeds and money for ordinary living expenses. To facilitate the harvesting of profitable crops, the lands are in some places worked collectively, the members of each neighbourhood or "ejido" helping each other in co-operative fashion. The drops are furthermore marked by Government co-operative agencies who return what profits there are to each individual, after deducting loans and figuring what part of the total crop that individual's land contributed.

Since most of the large landholders were foreigners, Americans, Britains or Spaniards, they have appealed to their own Governments. So far, Cardenas has ignored the complaints lodged by these Governments. To him, what has been done is not communism. In effect, he says that all Mexican land once belonged to the Indians and their villages. When the white man came, he literally stole this land and enslaved the Indian. The Mexican Revolution of 1910 rebelled against this situation and empowered the Indians to retake their land. The Constitution of 1917 says exactly that. All land in Mexico belongs, and always has belonged, to the Indians through their villages.

Turning to the industrial side of Mexico, one sees the same sort of situation prevailing. All industries which are based on natural resources feel themselves threatened by the existence of the Government oil commission which is supposed to be intending to take over all foreign holdings as soon as the latters' leases expire—which is soon. The Government has already taken over the railroads, and is willing to-day to take over any other businesses which, like the railroads, cannot support themselves without government subsidies.

The Labour policy of the Cardenas Government is certainly radical. When a strike is called, a Mexican Government board immediately investigates its causes and labels it legal or illegal. When, as is more often the case, it is judged legal, the employer must close his plant or shop and pay his strikers full time until the strike is settled. During the length of the strike, pickets are in complete control of the plant, protected and guarded by Government troops. Strikebreakers are illegal. The employer is powerless until he has settled. If he feels he cannot give in to the strikers' demands and still run his plant at a profit to himself, he is urged by the Government to turn over his investments either to the Government or the workers themselves and they will run it instead.

Cardenas regards this industrial policy as an attempt to better the conditions of the low-paid Mexican workers. Strikes, to him, are more natural means of raising the standard of living than are government wage-scale and hour-limiting decrees. Paradoxically, he believes his policy is saving capitalism in Mexico. By tipping the scales for the workers and placing great handicaps on the freedom of the employers, he is "inoculating the country against another violent revolution," a revolution in which the workers, as in Russia, would rise up and take everything.

When he says this, Cardenas is sincere. Personally, he is not a Communist. It is even doubtful whether he understands what Communism is. To him, his policies are those of Indian common sense, worked out by past generations of oppressed native Mexicans who had absolutely no contact with Russia. Visitors penetrating the interior of Mexico, are of course occasionally shocked at the sight of communist symbols. Red flags with gold lettering and gold hammers and sickles have become in many places the national flag of the locality. Open air theatres, stations and public buildings are many times decorated with vigorous murals centering on the hammer and sickle or the clenched fist. But this is not proof of Communism. When a little town builds an open air theatre with public funds, it more often than not calls on its best local muralist to decorate it. If that muralist has been to Mexico City and studied under Rivera or Orozco, the odds are that he is communistically inclined. When he paints a hammer and sickle on the public theatre it is his design and is respected as his art to be judged as art rather than as propaganda.

The propaganda value of these communist evidences can be debated. Recently I visited almost every State in Mexico, talking to the individual peons. I was convinced in every locality which I visited that the average Mexican is not only not communistic but doesn't even know what Communism is. Nor does his local leader, nor his leader's leader. To these people, the red flag, the hammer and sickle and the clenched fist are all somehow bound up only with the fact that they have their land back, that they are again free men and responsible citizens. Except in Mexico City that is as far as it goes.

Finally, remember that the Government of Mexico is not repressive—even to its opponents. Even the conservative opposition admits openly the presence of civil liberties, guaranteed and protected by the Government. Free speech, free press and the right of assembly exist to all. Although the power of the Church's hierarchy has been broken, freedom of worship continues to exist unhampered in Mexico. To the impartial investigator, it is easily observed that Mexico does not have the communism usually identified with Soviet Russia. True it is that Mexico is radical. But in essence that radicalism is Mexican, not Russian.

## PLEASURES OF PURITY

"ALL braces, hats, umbrellas, spats and other articles of clothing, appearing in shop windows throughout Germany are to be labelled showing that the articles throughout their manufacture have been handled by Aryans." So runs a Reuter message from Berlin. I cannot help envying people who get so much pleasure from race-consciousness. As a stimulant, it is the equal of applejack. I know, for I have experienced something of the same kind in a small way. I remember how conscious of happiness I was in the earlyish days of the Irish revival when, abjuring American importations, I put on a pair of Irish-manufactured boots. I could not have moved more lightly, or at least more light-spiritedly, if I had had wings at my heels. It is true that this particular pair of boots, having been ordered through the post with only a drawing of the outline of my left foot on a sheet of paper to guide the manufacturer, were not entirely satisfactory and that, in addition to their other shortcomings, they squeaked abominably so that, if I entered the gallery of a London theatre a little late I was usually greeted with angry exclamations of "S-s-s-s-s-sh!" That only added the pleasures of martyrdom to the pleasures of national consciousness, however, and I would not have exchanged those boots for the best boots in Dover Street.

Being a propagandist, I naturally tried to convert others to the practice of wearing Irish-manufactured articles, and to show them how much simple excitement could be derived from this. One day, as I was going round the coast of Kerry in a charabanc, I got into talk with a stout, middle-aged, red-headed Irishman who was revisiting his native country and I set out to paint in lively colours the thrilling existence of an Irishman who was entirely clad in Irish-made goods, from the collar round his neck to the boots on his feet. He looked at me quizzically and chuckled. "Well, old chap," he said, "everything you say may be perfectly true, but, when I want thrills, I prefer to go ski-ing." I had not the presence of mind to assure him that he would get twice as

much pleasure out of ski-ing if he wore a pair of Irish-made skis.

Having dressed nation-consciously, as you might say, however, I can the better understand and sympathise with the emotions of the Germans as they dress race-consciously. How good it must be to swing a pair of pure Aryan braces over one's shoulders every morning and to know in one's veins that, all through their manufacture, they have never been handled except by men of Aryan blood! There is something in this that appeals to the imagination, for even to believe in the Aryan race is an act of the imagination. It is as though, in ordering my boots, I had insisted, not only that they should be made in Ireland, but that, in all the processes of their manufacture, they should never have been touched by any hands except those of pure-blooded Celts. To feel that even in the very lace-holes of one's boots one was mystically in touch with a prehistoric world—a world as yet unsullied by the tread of any Norman, Cromwellian, or lowland Scot—unsullied, perhaps, by the tread even of any Gael—why, it would have been like living in Homer's time. I doubt, however, whether, if I had pressed for Celtic blood in this fashion, I should ever have got my boots, for I have heard it said that no one quite knows what a Celt is and that, if there is such a thing as Celtic blood, there is more Celtic blood in England than in Ireland. And I suspect that if it is difficult to find a Celt in Ireland, it is just as difficult to find an Aryan in Germany. I cannot help thinking that if the Germans insist on having Aryan-made braces they will have to go without braces. At the same time, life is largely a game of "Let's pretend," and it must be easy to pretend that the braces one is wearing are Aryan-made. And, in this age of reason or faith or whatever it is, it must be easy to believe it. At any rate, people do believe such things.

I like to think of a happy young German setting out in the rain with his first umbrella. The umbrella almost sings to him—the song of the blood. He meets a friend and boasts of it to him. "Aryan-made throughout," he says. "What about the spokes?" asks his friend. "Handled by none but Aryans," he replies, firmly. "There's a Semitic look about the handle," say his friends. "The handle was made," he replies, "by Aryan workers from the tusk of an Aryan elephant brought to the West African coast by an Aryan native." And he goes on his way rejoicing.

At the same time, his faith will have to be pretty strong if he is to go through life believing that nothing that he uses has, until it reaches him, ever been tainted by the touch of non-Aryan hands. Sometimes, as he sips his breakfast coffee, he must suspect at least an admixture of non-Aryan odours in its fragrance. To a really race-conscious man it must give his coffee a slightly disgusting flavour to reflect that the beans from which it was made were gathered by the members of an inferior race. It is the same with tea. The lesser breeds have touched and tainted it before it reaches Europe.

If you are acutely race-conscious, indeed, your life at meal-times must be a perpetual agony. Imagine an English Aryan, for example, a cousin of Colonel Blimp, sitting down to dinner in a West-End restaurant. "Waiter," he would shout, "where the devil did this caviare come from?" "Russia, sir." "Russia? That means Mongols and Jews, doesn't it? Take it away and bring me some Aryan smoked salmon." The soup would cause another explosion. "Someone has been putting non-Aryan pepper into the soup," he would cry. "I can't eat it." And so it would go on through course after course. He would suspect the most exquisite flavours of having what he would call the "nigger" taint. A glutton for curry, he would be unable to eat it because of the knowledge that the rice had been gathered by the hands of an unclean race. His favourite vanilla ice would be left untasted because of his uncertainty as to where the vanilla bean comes from. Finally, there would be the tragedy of the coffee, polluted by its non-Aryan origin. There would be nothing for it, indeed, but to call for some Aryan cheese and to stay the pangs of hunger with that as best he could.

To live a pure Aryan life, he would also have to exclude cotton from his house. I do not know whether the Germans manufacture cotton or whether they have invented some cotton substitute, but it seems to me that if they use ordinary cotton they do so at the price of betraying their principles. It is difficult to see, indeed, how they can be sure of living up to their principles if they import anything at all. Even if they import goods only from so-called Aryan countries, they cannot be sure that none but men of the Aryan race have handled them. There are Semitic elements in the population both of England and America, and the very invoice of the imported goods may have been made out by a Jew. The superior race ought, it must be admitted, to keep itself unspotted from the world, but how can it do so in a Europe in which even the money one gets in change may have passed through the hands of non-Aryans? It must be terrible for any Aryan living in England to think through how many alien and infected hands the half-crowns and pennies in his pockets may have passed. The very pound-notes that you get from a bookmaker on the race-course have a non-Aryan look. I sometimes think that the only way to keep pure is to have no money at all.

It is very difficult to keep pure, however, unless first of all you exterminate the impure. There used to be some high-minded Tories in the English counties who tried to keep England pure from Radicalism by withdrawing their patronage from shops of which the proprietors were known to have voted for a Liberal at an election. There were others who would not send their children to a school in which the teacher was a Nonconformist. I knew a lady who ran a school in England, went to the parish church, and behaved in all ways like a pure-blooded Anglican; yet, when someone in the neighbourhood discovered that by birth she was a Presbyterian, a lady of high principles at once withdrew her children from the school. Principle, however, it is to be feared, has broken down badly in recent years even in the English counties. The old splendid motto, "Have no dealings with the accursed thing," has lost most of its appeal, and boycotting is not what it used to be. The Vicar must now be a rarity who says to his wife: "Have I not told you again and again that I will not have Nonconformist bacon on my table? It takes my appetite away." Even the most violent Church-and-State man sits down composedly to eat a Radical chop, and cares little whether his milk is delivered by a Socialist or a Tory. A numbing broadmindedness has crept over the country, as may be seen in the rhyme printed in the window of a milk-bar in Fleet Street—a rhyme which runs something like:

> Be you Christian, Pagan or Jew,
> Here's a good glass of milk for you.

That seems to me to mark the end of racial pride in England. The Aryan blood has become diluted. The sleeping sickness of tolerance has set in. It is as though the voice of England were now all but dumb and had no message for a world in turmoil but a mumbled: "Workers of all lands unite—in drinking milk!"

Y. Y.

## EMPIRE

THE loyalty of the British West Indies is a joke in neighbouring countries. In some of the Islands the birthday of every British monarch since the last William is a public holiday. But feelings have changed. There was serious rioting in at least five West Indian Islands during 1937. In the Trinidad riots more lives were lost than in the others, two police on the first day and twelve rioters afterwards. So the Commission that has just reported, which included a well-known Trade Unionist, was sent out. Their report states that in the place where the two police were killed "no one had raised a hand to prevent the burning of Corporal King and the shooting of Sub-Inspector Bradburn." The Commissioners show no sign of recognising the profound significance of that fact. For it marks the dissipation, in Trinidad, of the last of that vast store of goodwill, and even of affection, that the children of

the liberated felt for the children of those who had given them freedom, and had paid a great price for that freedom. The narrative of events in the report makes it clear that the police were not unpopular, as they are in India and elsewhere. They had indeed shown conspicuous patience and moderation. Nor will it do to explain what happened by the presence of hooligans and criminals in the mob. There are such people everywhere. But for ordinary decent people, whose loyalty had been a byword, to participate actively or passively in the brutal murder of men known to be doing their duty, is conclusive evidence that their case, and that of those who governed them, was desperate.

Together with this passage in the report may be set the account it gives of "praedial larceny," or the theft of growing crops. For long enough it has been recognised that praedial larceny is evidence, not of criminal propensities, but of hunger. In those Trinidad riots all that most of the rioters did was to dig up their masters' potatoes and take them home to be cooked and eaten. Time was when potato pits in England were unsafe. Our Commissioners deal with this crime, if crime it be, by advising that a third conviction should be punished by a flogging.

On the other side of the medal the report reveals a large annual surplus in the Colony's revenue, and a prosperous oil industry. Again the Commissioners seem unaware of the significance of the facts that they themselves reveal. Of the domestic exports oil and bitumen provide 62.6 per cent., or £3,515,000. The number of those engaged in this industry is given, on another page, as 9,000. The figure given on yet a third page for the wage those workers demanded show that if they were to get that wage—what they do get is not stated, they would receive in all less than £400,000. On a fourth page the capital value of the shares of the oil companies, the two largest of which pay dividends of 35 per cent. and 25 per cent., is given as between £10,000,000 and £15,000,000, which fact is the only reason the Commissioners give for rejecting the demand of the workers for nationalising the oil industry. But nowhere does the report set those startling figures in relation, although it excuses the failure of the industry to pay higher wages on the ground that some of the companies, since they have found little oil or none at all, have made no profits. And it refers with obvious satisfaction to the fact that properties worth ten or fifteen million pounds, with profits in proportion, contribute £48,000 to the revenue of the Colony.

The most disturbing feature of the picture the report presents is that the working class in Trinidad is shown to have no means of expressing itself except by murder and destruction. Yet the Commissioners complacently reject the claim of the workers that some of them should be given the franchise. The Governor at the time of the riots, whose predecessors were mainly responsible for them, is censured for a speech of which the only fault was that it came too late. Both he and the police are blamed for not taking strong action. Admirals and statesmen have been contending in the columns of the *Times* whether the Navy in time of war could have its oil supplies from distant ports protected from foreign raiders. Those raiders would not be our greatest danger. Not everywhere in the Colonial Empire is the situation so desperately grave as the one this report describes. But very nearly everywhere the same type of man is in authority. He does nothing, is allowed to do nothing, to restrain and control those same ambitions for profit that capital everywhere in the Empire seeks to make out of cheap labour.

NORMAN LEYS

## RACE SUPERSTITION

LET the Aryan horse proceed
To persecute the Arab steed,
The Arab then refuse his seed
To the mare of Aryan breed;
But the ass of every kind
Shall propagate his donkey mind.

W. J. TURNER

## PROTHALAMIUM

Herr Hitler's visit to Rome may take place in April. High police officials will shortly leave for Italy to settle . . . how many people are to be placed under precautionary arrest.—*Daily Telegraph.*

SOON will come the Titans' meeting,
Rome her nordic bridegroom greeting,
Britain and the League defeating—
Heil!

Himmler's bloodhounds ever wary
(With blackshirt co-operation)
Start on their preliminary
Purge before the celebration.

Hitler, Mussolini toppo!
Stresa *aus!* Locarno floppo!
Franco! Garvin! Ribbentroppo!
Heil!

Minus agents of subversion—
Traitors to the tie Germanic—
Rome will voice at this excursion
Pleasure that is almost panic.

Banzai! *Sacro egoismo!*
Berlin-Nippon-Rome axismo!
Heil Gestapo! Hitlerismo!
Heil!

SAGITTARIUS

# Correspondence

## THE HOSPITAL NURSE

SIR,—Dr. Harry Roberts only confuses by his talk of "vocation" for nurses. A nurse should like her work, and conditions must allow her to like it. If she hates it, her patients suffer, but so would the doctor's patients, the school-teacher's class, the business manager's staff, the captain's crew. There are probably no more misfits in nursing than in any other occupation: the nature of a nurse's work makes a misfit of a rather critical importance to the individual patient, that is all. Dr. Roberts' implication that while some nurses desire "money and comfort," surgeons never do, is entertaining!

No; the essential basis for a good nursing profession, as for any other, is self-government. Dr. Roberts' "dignity and responsibility," which he counts as attributes of a professional vocation, are displayed (very partially) in the medical profession as a result of self-government: authoritarian regimes destroy both.

I wish to give you two anecdotes from my personal experience. That both occurred in the last two months is not a coincidence; they are absolutely characteristic of the way in which nurses are regarded by matrons and superintendents.

(1) Almost the entire nursing staff of a large general hospital signed a petition to the governing committee requesting limitation of hours and increase of pay. A few of the ward sisters signed it also, the remainder abstained for reasons of fear or snobbery. The petition was presented via the matron; no doubt the wording was a little unpolished—it was a spontaneous affair and no advice seems to have been obtained in the drafting.

Within a few days of its presentation, the *sisters* who signed it were sent for (severally) to the matron's office, solemnly reproved and informed they were untrustworthy—(one knows perfectly well what sort of support they will obtain for senior appointments later on!). No acknowledgment of any sort was given by matron, superintendent, or committee, to the nursing staff, of the petition itself, nor has (nor will) anything further be heard of it.

(2) A trained children's ("mothercraft") nurse is offered an appointment abroad (British Crown Colony) through the matron of the school in which she trained. She is asked to go at short notice, at a salary £5 a year less than the rules of the school entitle her to. No mention is made of a contract; the employers are not English, and nobody in the school has ever seen them or heard of them.

The nurse, who is 22 years old, and an orphan, asks, through an adviser, for an interview with the employers' London representative and for a contract guaranteeing return passage for an

undertaking of a minimum of six months' service. She is told that the society is "completely satisfied" with the suitability of the appointment, that the arrangements lie "entirely between us (i.e., the matron) and the employers," and that she must reply by telegram whether she will take it or not.

In this school nurses pay high premiums for their training. Employers are asked to send their testimonials of the nurses' work to the matron, *who retains them*. This might conceivably be justifiable if the society paid the nurses a salary. But not a bit of it! The society does not even undertake to find them work, and in fact takes a very lukewarm interest in them altogether once they have left the training school.

The *only* reform for the state of affairs which makes these things possible is the independent guild, union, or co-operative which can establish fair conditions of work and maintain a professional tradition. Does Dr. Roberts really suppose that the efficiency of a nurse in her work depends upon some "formal hierarchic discipline"? It is due (given a certain technical competence) to an ethic, personal and professional, which arbitrary and sadistic "discipline" does its best to destroy.

M.D.

## CHINA AND JAPAN

SIR,—There is an aspect of the situation in China which may not have occurred to most people in this country: whether the Chinese really mind.

They have, of course, suffered terribly. I have just returned from North China, now Japanese-controlled. For Europeans life continues much as before, but Chinese have been tortured into confessing crimes subsequently found to have been committed by Japanese themselves. "Wanted" men have returned home to find that their families had paid the penalty of their absence—by extermination. The biggest hospital in Peking had the greatest difficulty in preventing wounded Chinese soldiers being dragged from their beds, and adopted the practice of letting them out secretly by a back door as soon as they were fit to depart. Women get knocked about in the streets, and young girls no longer dare go out alone.

Yet, until these misfortunes overtake himself, the average Chinaman does not care. Human life and suffering as such are of supreme unimportance to him. A ghastly bombardment in another part of the country, in which foreign lives were involved, struck a Chinese friend of mine as so funny that he laughed out loud. The more educated classes call on each other to bemoan the situation over numerous cups of tea, and part strangely comforted after a long, excited chatter. Some will tell you indignantly that they have been forced to make a public speech in favour of Japan and the new regime, and that they will never live down the shame of it. But they make the speech. Others accept office under the Japanese.

The working classes, too, all hate the Japanese—in theory. But they are greatly hampered by two things. The first is ignorance. Peasants in the hills near Peking will ask you whether "the war is still on." The second is poverty. When life is a constant struggle to discover where the next meal is coming from, one does not have much time or inclination for politics. Besides, maladministration, crushing taxation and "squeeze" have reduced large numbers to such a pitch that any change is welcome. And for many, business is already better in the former capital. Prices may be slightly higher, but the cafés are overflowing with Japanese dancing to jazzed-up Japanese tunes, and the pavements are blocked with hawkers who succeed in selling to the newcomers all sorts of gaudy rubbish. Even the much-praised Chinese resistance at Shanghai was only achieved by ordering those in the rear to fire on the front line if it retreated.

The crudest propaganda seems to be effective with the Chinese. The Japanese control all the press, in which they appear as the self-sacrificing champions who have nobly but unwillingly left their native shores to rescue China from a Government bent on betraying her to the Communists. And educated Chinese may be heard to say that there is much truth in this. After the fall of Nanking, the Japanese—incredible audacity!—filled the towns of the north with gay banners, announcing the joyful event as though it were the conquest of a hostile country. They knew how to exploit the old enmity between the north and south, one aspect of that fatal lack of cohesion which has been the undoing of China. With his usual childlike love of colour, the ordinary Chinaman gazed enraptured at the brilliant paper triumphal arches that spanned numerous streets, and did not enquire too deeply into their significance. When the independent Government was established in Peking, the Japanese caused the old flag—black, red, yellow, white and blue stripes—to reappear suddenly everywhere. Chinese actually rejoiced. The golden age had evidently come again.

Finally there is the all-important question of "face." The Chinese, of course, have "lost face"—but so have the foreigners. Japan, on the other hand, has gained it tremendously, and a gain of "face" is always rather admired than resented. Many Chinese feel that the surest face-restoring policy is now to side with the Japanese against the foreigners, thus on the one hand basking in reflected glory while on the other enhancing their own "face" at the expense of foreigners. The result is that one or two unoffending Britishers have recently been hurt and astonished to find themselves publicly jeered at in the streets by *Chinese*.

In short, Chinese patriotism will be small hindrance to Japan's ambitions. To believe otherwise is to judge by Western standards, and to forget the fatalism, apathy, and childlike selfishness of the oriental mind.

J. M. TEESDALE

"Little Oaks,"
Tadworth, Surrey.

## CHRISTIANITY AND WHAT NEXT?

SIR,—Mr Middleton Murry says that the Church professes to see in the life and person of Christ the revelation of Absolute Good. As Kant said: The moral sense creates an object for itself—an ideal. The life and person of Christ, as well as His verbal teaching, having approximated as nearly as possible to all that mankind has ever, with its reason, intuition and affections, imagined as the Absolute Good, a hundred generations of men have been trying to achieve the ideal they made of Christ. The preservation and interpretation of that ideal has been the function of the Church. That it must be a "church" that fulfils that function of keeping alive a belief in an absolute standard of ethics, both Mr. Joad and Mr. Murry agree. But Mr. Joad does see something that Mr. Murry very evidently does not, and that is that the Church to-day has failed and is failing in its function. When the Archbishop of York can say that it can be a Christian duty to fight in a national war; when the other Archbishop can say that Hitler is perhaps right; when the Church of Rome can behave as it did over the Italo-Ethiopian war . . . then it must appear that at least the "visible Church" has failed in its function of "keeping alive within any human society the sense of the reality of Good and Evil as absolutes independent of the convention of society or of the ordinances of the secular state."

Inevitably we Pacifists cannot reproach the members of the "visible Church" for being human and sharing in the passions of glory and greed that other normal humans unfortunately have. They, as men and particularly as property-owners, have their own interests at stake. But what we must reproach them with is the fact that they pretend, in pursuing these passions, to be pursuing the Christian ideal. We cannot expect a human being not to break the superhuman ordinances of the absolute; but we can expect him to know that he is breaking it. That it may seem important to the episcopate to protect British or Italian imperial interests is at least understandable. But that they should, with the weight of their spiritual authority as repositories and interpreters of the divine ideal, delude others (and, perhaps, even themselves?) into thinking it moral or Christian to do so—that, saving Mr. Murry, is something for which we *must* condemn them.

The invisible Church is there. For some an outward symbolisation and embodiment of that mystic entity may be an absolute necessity in order that the true condition of the world may be revealed to them. But to a man who, like Mr. Murry, has the mystic realisation of that invisible Church, that true condition should be apparent: that the Church which purports to embody and represent that idea does no such thing. "Autrefois les moralistes faisaient la leçon aux faits; aujourd'hui ils (i.e., the visible Church and, I fear, Mr. Murry) leur tirent le chapeau."

9 Rue Berthollet, Paris, 5éme. R. J. HILTON

## THE POLICE IN INDIA

SIR,—The letter of Mr. Matters deserves widespread attention and support. The Kiroo case is only exceptional in that (*a*) the judgment it evoked looked more to the dictates of justice than to the needs of the police administration, and (*b*) that it succeeded in reaching the records of a Provincial High Court and thereby becoming an "authentic" occurrence. Behaviour such as that of Kiroo is quite rare among the majority of the victims of the Indian police. It is normal for those who come within its sphere

to be incapable of reaching the attention of so respectable a body as the High Court of a Province. If the sufferers are so unfortunate as to indulge in political activity, their lot becomes quite an unenviable one, and they are subjected to chastisement grim enough to equal, if not exceed, the tortures perpetrated by the totalitarian states against their internal opponents.

Great figures in Indian politics, specially those who are well known in England, manage to escape the worst incidence of police activity, for the simple reason that their influential English friends in this country would feel scandalised.

For Indians it seems a strangely unrealistic world in which the British public expresses its indignation at the imperialist drives of Italy and Japan and views with distaste the character of the totalitarian regimes while passing by the equally regrettable events in a country where its influence can be really effective.

I do not believe that this omission is due in any way to malice on the part of the rank and file of the British people towards India. I believe that it is due to the remarkable efficiency with which the Indian administration prevents news of this sort leaking to this country, and in this, I am afraid, it has the co-operation of the India Office in this country. Unofficial information is hastily dismissed as "unauthentic" and "unreliable," and the Secretary of State for India will speak in Parliament and reassure public opinion by having "nothing to add" to his "previous statement."

In making this plea to the British public that it should endeavour to know more about things in India than what the *Times* offers, I am not touching upon the political relation of India and England. Such a relation is, I believe, determined by historical forces far more potent than merely the public opinion of one country. I touch upon the fact of internal administration which it is the duty of the British people to see free from corruption so long as they have the responsibility for its operation. I think that an admission by them that such corruption exists will go a long way towards its removal. SHIV K. SHASTRI

2 Earl's Court Square,
S.W.5.

## ART AND COMMUNISM

SIR,—I enjoyed Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's appreciation of the greatness and beauty of Chekov's *The Three Sisters*. In one passage, however, he appears to me to have lost his sense of judgment and created a strange creature he calls a "Communist."

Speaking for myself as a Communist, and for many of my Communist friends, I deny that for us "the tragi-comedy of *The Three Sisters* can have no other significance than that of a document of capitalistic stagnation which justifies incidentally 'the liquidation' of the class they represent."

Whilst we are conscious of the fact that the piece is an "exposure of the bankruptcy of bourgeois ideology," and that the "characters would be deeply disappointed" with the "Moscow-of-Today," we also know, as well as Mr. MacCarthy, that we are dealing with a play of pure human tragedy and suffering born of disillusionment, and *not* with a political treatise. Here is something universal, and the characters, with certain circumstantial variations, have existed from time immemorial, and exist to-day in Moscow as well as in Berlin.

If Mr. MacCarthy is so sure that Communists are only capable of drawing the most obvious politico-sociological conclusions from a play and are incapable of appreciating the purely human theme, how does he explain that Shakespeare, our neglected genius, who, more than any other dramatist, covered the whole field of human emotions in his plays, is so much loved in Russia? Furthermore, how does he explain that in no country in the world is a finer understanding of individuals of all classes and shades shown on the screen and stage than in Russia?

Though a Communist, I offer my sincere appreciation of Mr. MacCarthy's championship of art in the theatre, especially his interest and encouragement respecting one producer of genius in this country, Mr. Michel St. Denis. GLADYS BOLLOTEN

45 Eton Avenue, Swiss Cottage, London, N.W.3.

## PEACE IN SPAIN

SIR,—In your London Diary, in speaking of Spain, you judge that "the strength of the appeal for an armistice is that it is difficult to see how either side can win without razing to the ground every place they capture and killing a large proportion of the population." This is the view of the recently formed British Committee for Civil and Religious Peace in Spain, of which the Chairman is Mr. Wickham Steed, and which, in agreement with the similar French Committee (Chairman, M. Jacques Maritain) and the Spanish Committee for Civil Peace (Chairman, Professor Mendizábal of the University of Oviedo), maintains that only a peace by conciliation can be valid and lasting. Such a peace only, would ensure a Spain for the Spaniards, and free them from subjection to interested Powers.

The Committees concerned have received encouragement from Spaniards of both Government and Insurgent parties. Reliable information shows the Spanish people to be war-weary, but on both sides dreading the reprisals that would follow an enemy victory, and since neither can express a willingness to compromise lest this should be interpreted as weakness, a strong lead from outside, at the opportune moment, might well be decisive.

The three Committees are now working to form an International Commission to study proposals which, on the initiative of the Spanish Committee, will be put forward by competent Spaniards for a plan of peace, so that this may be ready, and not hastily improvised, when the moment comes.

At the same time they seek to do their utmost to mitigate the inhumanity of the struggle, and would rouse public opinion to wholehearted protest against such atrocities as the bombing of open towns, the execution of hostages, the ill-treatment of prisoners. On more than one occasion they have addressed themselves to the Non-Intervention Committee, urging it to bring pressure to bear on the leaders concerned, in this sense.

The Spanish Committee for Civil Peace is now issuing in Paris a monthly documentary bulletin, *La Paix Civile*, as an organ for those who have contributions to make to the cause of peace.

British Committee for Civil and Religious Peace in Spain,
7 Lansdowne House,
Lansdowne Road, W.11.
BARBARA BARCLAY CARTER, Hon. Secretary

## CARBIDE AND VANDALISM

SIR,—It would be impossible within the limits of a letter to deal adequately with all the misrepresentations by which the supporters of the Caledonian Power Bill seek to bolster up their case. But on two points I should like to say something. Your correspondent, M. M., for instance, says that the district affected by the Scheme is practically unknown to tourists. Yet in the road census taken by the Ministry of Transport in 1935 it was found that the number of motor vehicles passing three points of observation, one on each of the principal roads in the district, averaged together 838 daily over a seven-day period. Allowing half of this number (a gross over-estimate) as double counts or locally owned vehicles, there still remain 419 cars per day carrying visitors only. This does not suggest to me a "practically unknown" district.

It will be granted by those who know the Highlands that no visiting motor car travels Highland roads at a cost of less than 15*s*. per day to each of its occupants. Assuming an average of three persons per car, the tourist traffic which passes through this district must be worth about £1,000 per day to the Highlands, or say, £60,000 in a four-months season, which is just equal to the anticipated annual wages bill of the proposed carbide factory when in full operation.

But the motor-borne traffic is not the whole visiting traffic. There are in addition the shooting and fishing tenants, who leave many thousands of pounds in the district every summer, and the cyclists and hikers, who pay 5*s*. or 7*s*. 6*d*. nightly for bed and breakfast, and so enable every crofter in the Great Glen, who has a passable house, to add £20 or more net to his income every year.

Most of this Highland revenue, depending in the last resort on the unspoiled beauty of the country, will be extinguished during the three years in which the proposed works are under construction, and little thereof will ever return. Twenty miles of dried-up rivers, five huge concrete dams across five aforetime lovely valleys, four lochs turned into reservoirs margined in summer by broad strips of muddy shore, sixty miles of gaunt pylon and sagging cable breaking up the natural harmonies of line and mass—these are not the stuff to attract visitors, either Scottish, English or American.

From the point of view of those who look to some measure of industrial development for the ultimate salvation of the Highlands, an even more serious matter than the loss of amenity is the extravagant demands that the carbide industry would make on Highland water power, and the little that it would give in return.

With the possible exception of limestone, all the raw material for carbide must be brought from the south, all the finished product go back to the south. And with it would go about 272,000,000 kilowatt-hours or 363,000,000 horse-power-hours of Highland energy per annum. Only the wages of 500 factory hands would remain behind. Thus the annual consumption of a million horse-power-hours of energy would give constant employment to 1.4 men. Were the power employed mechanically in other forms of industry—the textile trades, furniture making, paper making, the leather trades, engineering and shipbuilding, or what you will—the average man-power employed for each million horse-power-hours of energy consumed annually would have been more than 100 times as great—say, 60,000 men in all instead of 500.

If the Highlands had been rich in coal and other resources, this lavish use of their water power relatively to the small employment given might have been tolerated. But water power is practically the only natural resource to which the Highlands can look for future industrial development. Almost half of it has already been appropriated, and used with ruthless disregard of Highland interests. It is time to take thought for the future, and to see to it that what is left is husbanded with the most niggardly care, and that the Highlands cease to be regarded as fair spoil for enterprising contractors, financiers, *et hoc genus omne*.

59 Promenade, Portobello, Edinburgh. P. THOMSEN

## EXHIBITION OF CHILDREN'S DRAWINGS FROM SPAIN

SIR,—Your readers may not be aware of this exhibition which consists of drawings done by children in the Barcelona schools and in the smaller towns of Catalonia. It is to be opened on February 17th, at 21 Frith Street, W., by the International Anti-Fascist Solidarity Organisation (Hon. Treasurer, Miss Ethel Mannin), to assist some of the starving refugees in Catalonia. The children are living under the daily horror of war. It is hoped that these drawings will make a wide appeal, especially in view of the circumstances in which they have been carried out.

14 Park Village East, N.W. STELLA CHURCHILL

### SPANISH RELIEF FUND

We are glad to acknowledge the following further sums received for Spanish relief:

A. P. Dyke, A. F. Hatten, V. Nettlefold (£5); F. S. Lewis (£2 2s.); P. Dennis Goodall, K. T. Harrison (£2); W. MacGregor (£1); W. J. M., H. Stern (10s.); Cuthbert and Muriel Roper (7s. 6d.); J. L. Freeman (5s.); T. (2s. 6d.).

We have also received £10 for medical relief in China.

# Miscellany

## A CLEAN CONSCIENCE

THE Bishop made a beautiful figure at the breakfast table. He wore a mauve cassock of watered silk and a pectoral cross, and looked well in them; but though it was the duty of a bishop to look the part he has to play in the Established Church, and, so far as he might, without disloyalty to the thirty-nine articles, give visual satisfaction to those who hankered after the spiritual fleshpots of Rome (in which direction watered silk and pectoral crosses can do quite a lot), that was not the only or the main motive for his appearing at breakfast so clad, with only his wife to admire. The wearing of the cassock saved time and trouble. A bishop's apron takes some while to adjust, and the cassock enabled him to do without it. So for breakfast and a morning spent with his secretary and various callers from all round the diocese, a cassock was the wear, and the apron came later.

Just occasionally the pectoral cross required attention. The Bishop liked his eggs soft, and when after a lolloping mouthful he saw his wife wagging a distressed finger at him, and heard her say: "Your cross, my dear," he knew what she meant. Then with his table-napkin he would remove from the sacred symbol the gobbet of sloppy gold which had fallen on it, and lifting it reverently to his lips, would bestow on it a kiss of apology. To some this may seem a piece of over-punctiliousness, but it gave great satisfaction to the mind of the Bishop, whose care it was during the minutiae of his daily routine, to remember what the cross stood for, and his official relation to it; to keep it unspotted from the world, even from yolk of egg, was the great thing.

On this particular morning, which was a Friday, the Bishop was eating his toast with margarine, instead of butter. That was a denial of the flesh which he always practised on that day in memory of the pains of his Redeemer; also throughout Lent. It did him good; he started the day well with it.

He was now opening that part of his correspondence of which his secretary had made an early delivery. And as he opened and scanned the first, he exclaimed to his wife in a delicately hurt tone: "Really, this is too much! Here I get an advertisement of wines, including champagne, marked 'Private, personal, and urgent,' and this when my temperance principles are known to everyone. I call it a gross impertinence."

"Perhaps," said his wife, "it is a practical joke. There are people whom such things amuse."

"There are," replied the Bishop. "Yes, I think you are right. 'Take a little wine for your stomach's sake' has, I see, been written across the first page. The usual jibe, though everyone knows that it was only non-alcoholic wine which St. Paul was recommending; and anyway it was only medicinal."

He continued opening his letters. "Now this is a serious matter; yes, I shall have to do something about it. The Secretary of State for War writes to me that he is failing to get recruits for the Army, owing to the growth of the so-called Peace Movement—that pacifism is endangering the safety of the Empire. He asks if it cannot be pronounced heretical. He wants the Bishops to act as a body and say that it must be put down, that the whole thing is un-Christian. No, I do not think a conference of the Bishops would be quite safe; there would not be unanimity; there is Birmingham, with his passion for being in a minority of one; and possibly two others. Individually, yes, something strong ought to be said about it. These extreme pacifists are hastening us into war, the very thing we want to avoid, or at any rate postpone."

"Postpone?" said his wife; "don't you want to abolish it?"

"Undoubtedly; I have no doubt that in another thousand years it will be abolished, but we must not be in a hurry about it. Hurry will do no good; and that is what these pacifists do not see. They are a pestilent lot."

"Some of them are quite good well-meaning people, I believe," said his wife.

"I do not doubt it for a moment," said the Bishop.

"They are trying to be Christians."

"We all do that, I hope."

She wagged her finger at him. "Your cross, my dear."

"Ah, yes, thank you." He did what was necessary. Then, having finished his breakfast, he continued to open his correspondence. Presently she saw his brow pucker. "Now this," he said, "puts me rather in a difficulty. I do not quite know what I ought to do. I have never done it before."

"Done what?"

"They are going to launch the first of a new type of armed cruiser, the *Cormorant*, it is called; and being a new type, it is considered an important event. Royalty is coming to do it. I am asked to be there officially to say the commendatory prayer."

"Have you any objection?" inquired his wife, a little puzzled.

"No, no, none at all! Of course not. Except for one thing. For the naming at the moment of launching, champagne is used. I do not know whether I ought to countenance that."

"Champagne?"

"Yes, a bottle of champagne is broken against the ship as

it is launched—a form of christening: and I believe that just as that is done, or just before, I shall have to say 'In the name of the Father,' etc. To say *that* over a bottle of champagne puts me in a difficulty."

"Why not ask for ginger-beer?" suggested his wife.

"Ginger-beer is hardly dignified enough, I am afraid," said the Bishop.

"Nobody need know."

"No; but I can hardly demean myself by asking for ginger-beer as a substitute. Sparkling Apollonaris would sound better. It must, of course, be a sparkling beverage, because it has to burst. Otherwise people would find out; put it into a champagne-bottle if they like."

"But in that case" said his wife, "everybody will think it is champagne, which is the very thing you object to."

"But that need not concern me," said the Bishop. "I mustn't mind being thought ill of, if I have done the right thing. Yes, I think I must make sparkling Apollonaris a condition."

He did so, and, with his conscience thus purged, he gave the necessary benediction to the *Cormorant*, as by the hand of Royalty, and with the blessing of Holy Mother Church, she went forth on her career of death and destruction, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

## LIKE WHO KNOWS WHAT GREAT BEAST . . .

Like who knows what great beast on a round, back-century Mercator,
I lie nobly outstretched along this exiguous island-space;
My head is on the Border where Johnstones and Jardines went ambushing for cattle,
One foot is on the tireless granite of Land's End, the other in an orchard-place;

And one hand I pass voluptuous through the horsehair of Celtic noddles,
And other five fingers pull the straw beards of intolerable Wagnerian Danes;
And so I revel proudly and fatly—but ah, when you ask where is the motus,
The beat, the ram-sob, the to-and-fro tide, then, dear Asker, begin those crimson pains.

Boomerang-heart, when will you learn a little, oh, but a little stillness?
Soft and powerful-pulsing at dawn like the curved swan on its nest,
At midday a-hum, a-twang, maltreated by Klingsor-garden and swooning echoes,
Sounds that by evening, perfidious evening, make a Roman arena of the breast;

Europe over the water, crying, O Rimbaud, from its antique parapets;
Droning unrepentant its sweet dialects in corners by chimneys and canals,
Unrepentant afforesting its Greek-town rookery of snarl and yammer,
Helen at fifty, ravishing though ravaged, golden through all the grime of cabals,

Turning her head of devastation this way, Medusa for me, though pearled with sea-mist,
As I lie frozen with memory, and the heart tugs at its moorings; the faded
"Evoe, evoe!" summons it, the rout between lake and sea, familiar-foolish,
Waltz and mazurka and tarantella, swinging across a blue still undegraded:

And Chirico-wise, accompanied by muted horns and flutes in agitation,
Great Signs assemble and move into order; footed with acanthus, first,
The Half-Column, all lonely-mauve, and stepping by it, stranger to the sun-dominion,
Antlers roped in dew, the Deer of the Central Woodland, slow with uneasiness of thirst,

And inked with bilberry-juice, swaying from mead, the fiery masks of St. John's Night,
And then, lofty and last in brocade of storm-cloud, coroneted with ice,
Knee-deep in unimaginable field-flowers, Slavonia, Slavonia,
Seated above the Iron Gates, watching her Danube tumbling grey towards Paradise.

Iron Gates? Who spoke? Anguish, anguish! Ototototoi! the baleful
Idiocy of machine-guns flickers; the green vapour curls, the yellow rambles;
Steel, steel become the gentle faces, the pink of hands, as with enormous crescendo
Clang down the bronze curtain-doors, blotting all cries, darkening what shambles?

And I wake shuddering, oh, pitiful! on the neat, grassy bosom, the linen
Rough-rustling over old Nurse England's paps, as the wild clangours cease,
And I listen to her voice of elms and ocean-breezes consoling and chiding,
And I sink back on her (what if she is old, is blind?) sobbing, and all too gradually at peace.

DERWENT

# THE MOVIES

**"Nothing Sacred," at the London Pavilion**
**"Mannequin," at the Empire**
**"Second Honeymoon," at the Gaumont (from Sunday)**
**"The March of Time," No. 9, Third Year**

PEOPLE who can contemplate without turning a hair the most agonizing scenes of sporting or military cruelty are protesting right and left at the savage irreverence of *Nothing Sacred:* it makes fun, they say, of Death. It does no such thing: it ridicules the exploitation of morbid sentimentality. I wonder what the objectors to *Nothing Sacred* would make of *Volpone;* there is more than a slight resemblance between the scarifying play at the Westminster and the scarifying movie at the Pavilion. Volpone, feigning illness, is encircled by a mob of avaricious toadies. Hazel Flagg, supposed to be dying from radium poisoning, is instantly pounced upon by the gutter press: "What is that girl thinking? what is she feeling? a million readers will want to know." A reporter, like a carrion crow, tracks her down in an uncivilised outpost of New England and transports her to New York, where she is to be the centre of a gigantic publicity stunt—official welcome from the Mayor, freedom of the city, a slap-up time while she lasts, a slap-up funeral when she gives out. If the girl were really dying, there would be some reason for squeamishness; but we are told at the outset that there is nothing whatever wrong with her: she only accepts the role of doomed heroine because she would do anything to escape from her dead-alive home.

This admirable comic situation is developed with verve, resource and irony. O rare Ben Hecht! He has done brilliant work for the cinema before, but he never struck a richer vein than this. *Nothing Sacred* contains a succession of acidly satirical sketches: the all-in wrestling match at which the announcer, discovering Hazel Flagg's presence, asks the audience to observe ten seconds silence, while the spotlight is trained on her and the cameras flash; the raucous chorus of hideous children who salute her at dawn with doggerel verse to the tune of "John Brown's Body"; the spectacular cabaret show, with its pageant of Mounted Heroines of History (Catherine the Great, Lady Godiva, Pocahontas) culminating in the personal appearance of the "greatest little heroine of all time." The little heroine, thoroughly enjoying herself and overdoing the champagne, passes out, and the sensation is redoubled: Death (the gloating crowd supposes) is approaching to claim his Helpless Victim; who knows, perhaps they have had the luck to be in at the kill.

The direction of William Wellman translates Hecht's script into excellent cinema, and the acting is superb: Carole Lombard has a touch of comic genius, and Fredric March's reporter is authentic. As the editor, Walter Connolly's mean look and explosive manner are magnificent: it is a joy to watch his distress when Hazel shows no signs of getting worse, his simmering wrath when the doctors pronounce her quite healthy, his pious gratitude when he hears she has pneumonia. There is certainly something Jonsonian about this actor. The ending hardly equals the rest of the film: of course, the reporter falls in love with the girl. Ideally, she should have repulsed and disowned him; it would have been pleasant to see the hard-bitten news-hound gradually turning soft as butter before the charm and (supposed) courage of the girl, while the influence of New York made her steadily nastier and tougher. Instead we were treated to scenes of knockabout bedroom fisticuffs between the pair, pandering, I suppose, to a universal but suppressed desire among males to knock the female out. And why was there no funeral? But I don't grumble; it will be a long time, I fear, before we see another film so adult and so diverting.

*Mannequin* had one of the most promising beginnings I can remember: tenement life presented with some of the force and veracity of *Dead End*, Leo Gorcey repeating from that film his brilliant sketch of a gutter-bred youth. Elizabeth Risdon and Oscar O'Shea, as a paler transatlantic Juno and the Paycock, were perfectly in the picture; and Joan Crawford's acting as their daughter was so good that we were almost reconciled to her appearance, absurdly well-groomed for such squalid surroundings. To escape from them she marries a weak and potentially vicious young man, admirably played by Alan Curtis; and to escape from the young man she yields to the love of Spencer Tracy, whose self-made shipowner is the real hero of the film. Up to this point not only is the background tingling with life, but the people themselves have more than usual solidity. But in the middle of the Crawford-Tracy honeymoon things go sadly awry; we strike a vein of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer fantasy, there is an absurd interlude in a Tudor Irish cottage, and the denouement is brought about without regard to probability. Still, this is a film in which the good outweighs the bad.

*Second Honeymoon* is a light comedy notable for the delightful performances of two secondary players. Margery Weaver makes a first appearance as a shop girl from the South; with her radiant good-humour, easy treatment of dialogue, and charming appearance, she will go a very long way. Stuart Erwin is extremely funny as a slow-speaking valet with a thirst for knowledge; by dint of pure intonation and timing he imparts an air of wit to the most ordinary remarks: asked to christen a pet racoon, "Violet," he says, "is a very pretty name," and, as he says it, it sounds as good as a line of Congreve or Wilde. In the principal parts Loretta Young and Tyrone Power lend their attractions to make this one of the pleasantest of recent light-weights.

The latest *March of Time* bulletin contains an interesting section called "Britain's Noblemen." It presents the familiar problems of death-duties on old estates, and puts in some useful propaganda on behalf of the National Trust. Then we are treated to a few glimpses of the peerage buckling to and adapting themselves to modern conditions: Lord Huntley "changing his ermine for overalls," Lord Stanley of Alderley becoming a banking magnate, and so on. There are some

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wrong 'uns, too, who run bureaux of social advancement, and we see Lord Stanley calling on Lord Donegall, "famed journalist," to protest against such iniquities. "I think that you, Donegall, would be doing a great service by exposing these fellows who exploit their titles." Lord Donegall's reply deserves to be recorded. "My dear Stanley," he says, "if a fellow can't maintain his social position without letting down the entire show, I think he deserves to go under."

PETER GALWAY

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

### French and English Pictures at the Storran Gallery

There is something here for most tastes. Do you like Rome? There is a charmingly painted view of St. Peter's by Susan Palmer. Do you like shells? Max Ernst will oblige. Chrysanthemums? Anthony Bridge is one of the most promising young painters. Nudes? Here is a pink Picasso. (What a Great Master he already was at the age of twenty-five!) Dead rabbits? Step this way, Mr. Graham Bell. Painters? David Jones shows himself, and Geoffrey Tibble a majestic Adrian Stokes. Landlords? But it is rare to like one's landlord, so John Banting represents him as a surrealist monster, wittily metamorphosised, like Daphne, into the semblance of a tree. The Storran Gallery has a particularly promising stable of yearling painters, and this time they are being galloped in the company of classic winners, Renoir, Picasso, Bonnard, Rouault, Modigliani, Utrillo. The effect of this is to obliterate the more pretentious of the young, and to exalt those that practise the old-fashioned virtues, directness of vision, sensibility of handling, and patience. Yet is there not a danger of painters recoiling from vulgarity into insipidity? Thirty years ago every painter was imitating the lion's fierceness, now the tendency is to roar like any sucking dove. Even Mr. Tibble, who has a remarkable natural talent for boisterous painting, has subdued himself to the refined, washed-out, almost ladylike fashion of 1938. His portrait of Mr. Adrian Stokes is good as far as it goes, but looks as if it had been only half finished and then left out in the rain. Mr. Stokes himself shows a pleasant landscape, but again seems to have trembled at the notion of defining anything. Even Mr. Graham Bell's rabbit emerges with too rabbity a shyness from its pale surroundings, though this is a highly sensitive, painter-like and covetable picture. Victor Pasmore's Still Life is in such damnably good taste that it tastes like junket, and one longed to ginger it up with a dash of vermilion or gamboge. Claude Rogers shows an excellent picture, while Lynton Lamb, Susan Palmer, Vera Cuningham, Anthony Bridge, Rodrigo Moynihan and Joan Souter-Robinson are all highly commended. The best English picture in the show is probably Vanessa Bell's *Red Lily*. Frank Coombs's *Chapel at Mill Hill* is well painted and felicitous in colour, but conspicuous also for the artist's evident interest in the character of his subject. (So many pictures seem to be produced merely because painting is a profession and the painter has to paint something, and does not much care what it is.) Finally, there is a decoration by the ingenious Varda, who has evolved a new medium. This lovely object ought to persuade someone to entrust Varda with a hall, a restaurant or a dining-room. He is one of the best decorators alive.

### Designs for the Theatre, at the Redfern Gallery.

One reason why the cinema is replacing the theatre is that films give us something to look at that is often more beautiful and almost always more interesting than a conventional drawing-room "set." Yet there has been a prodigious improvement in the art of decor during the last twenty-five years, as we can see at Sadler's Wells, though not, alas, at Covent Garden or Glyndebourne. The exhibition at the Redfern Gallery of sketches for scenery and costumes includes foreign work but shows no great discrimination. There are no designs by Picasso, for instance, or Derain, but there are a number by Miss Doris Zinkeisen. The general effect, however, is quite agreeable, for there are successful sketches by Motley, Cecil Beaton, Oliver Messel, Gladys Calthrop and Nadia Benois. We were particularly interested by the designs of Mr. Derek Hill, who is a welcome newcomer to the London theatre. His original project, here exhibited, for the Sadler's Wells *Lord of Burleigh* is even better than the one that was used. He obviously has an uncommon sense of the theatre. Mr. Paul Nash's *Murder of Gloucester* is outstanding, and there is a remarkably attractive design by Mr. Roland Pym. We regret the absence of Sophie Fedorovitch, John Armstrong, John Banting, Rex Whistler.

## THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, February 12th—
- International People's Assembly on China, British Industries House, 10 and 2.30, and on February 13th, 10 and 2.30.
- Fabian Society Conference of Professional and Non-Manual Workers, Livingstone Hall, 2.30–5 and 5.45–7.30.
- Dance in aid of Spain, Hampstead Town Hall, 8.

SUNDAY, February 13th—
- Prof. John Hilton on "The Citizen and the Law," Conway Hall, 11.
- Mass Meeting of International People's Assembly, Royal Opera House, 8.
- "Do We Not Bleed?" New Plays Production, Aldwych, 8.15.

MONDAY, February 14th—
- "Black Swans," Apollo.
- Costume Performance of "Faust," Royal Albert Hall. Till 26th.
- Loan Exhibition of Old London Pictures, Furniture, Tapestries, Silver and China, in aid of Royal Northern Hospital, 45 Park Lane. Private view, 10s., other days, 5s.

TUESDAY, February 15th—
- Percy W. Bartlett on "Embassies of Reconciliation," Friends House, 1.20.
- D. W. Brogan on "Parties and Politics in Post-War U.S.A.," Dartmouth House, Charles Street, 6.
- Bertrand Russell on "Pacificism," Morley College, 8.
- Prof. A. M. Carr-Saunders on "The Problem of Our Declining Population," Manson Hall, 8.15.
- Prof. L. S. Stebbing on "Philosophy and the Common Reader," University College, 8.15.
- Hampstead Peace Council Meeting. H.E. The Chinese Ambassador will receive gifts of money and clothing. Hampstead Town Hall, 8.30.

WEDNESDAY, February 16th—
- Meeting to Celebrate Anniversary of the Spanish Elections, Kingsway Hall, 7.45.
- Norman Haire on "Sexual Freedom and Its Limitations," Conway Hall, 8.
- Ballet Club, Mercury Theatre. First of Wednesday performances.

THURSDAY, February 17th—
- "Welcome Stranger," Saville.

FRIDAY, February 18th—
- Central London L.B.C. Meeting. Hamilton Fyfe, Kingsley Martin and John Strachey on "The Problem of the Press," Conway Hall, 8.


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# Current Literature

## BOOKS IN GENERAL

IN *Obsessions and Convictions of the Human Intellect* (Blackie, 10*s.* 6*d.*) Mr. Westaway has chosen the most important and difficult of subjects. He is writing to "answer the vital questionings of modern youth," in a volume of over five hundred pages. After starting with astrology and providing lighter chapters about perpetual motion machines and squaring the circle, he tackles the Christian creeds and the belief in immortality in a thoroughly manly fashion. Although much of the book is excellent, I was more struck by what was left out than by what was put in. If I said there is nothing about sex, Mr. Westaway would have reason for complaint. There is a lot about embryology and chromosomes and a brave discussion of the relationship of Joseph and Jesus. Freud is mentioned twice.

> Just as there are persons with whom rational conversation is impossible, because they are obsessed with sex, so among philosophers. The sex-obsession dominates Freud. . . .

I can imagine a Freudian thinking that sex repression dominated Mr. Westaway. At all events he does not discuss the connection, if any, between sex and a belief in sin, or indeed sex and any strongly held human beliefs. He does not attempt to deal with such questions as why human beings feel shame, why they feel guilty, why they value purity and innocence and hate cruelty and think continually about it. Indeed there is practically nothing about ethics. There is no discussion of how the ideas of good and evil, or of right and wrong conduct, arose, or of what meaning attaches to them. Surely these obsessions are more important "to the vital questionings of modern youth" than an explanation that the doctrine of the incarnation is a metaphor and what "the Christian may safely say" on the subject. That phrase is oddly significant: it gives away so completely that the Christian would so love to say more if he didn't feel the risk was too great. Mr. Westaway takes his revenge on mechanists by making jokes about Professor Lancelot Hogben's Arthurian name. It is typical that he doesn't see that Calvin's solution of evil is intellectually unanswerable by all who believe in an Omnipotent Deity. "To make the Deity the direct author of all sin is inexpressibly shocking," says Mr. Westaway. But is it more so than making an irresponsible Deity?

* * *

One of the beliefs which Mr. Westaway does not discuss is that certain races are superior to others, and certain families in a community superior in certain respects to their neighbours. Though these beliefs are sometimes passionately denied, they are really common knowledge, though the political and social ideas founded on that knowledge are usually either crazy or half-baked. Professor J. B. S. Haldane treats the subject of human biology most interestingly in *Heredity and Politics* (Allen and Unwin, 7*s.* 6*d.*). He explains clearly (though perhaps with rather too much scientific terminology) the principles of heredity and gives instances of various hereditary diseases in humans which might be stamped out in a eugenic society—though he gives evidence that some of them might spontaneously reappear, as mutations. Those in which the character giving the disease is dominant (i.e., in which it can be transmitted by one parent alone) would be perfectly easy to get rid of, and it is difficult to believe that anyone would uphold the right to transmit, let us say, lamellar cataract as one of the liberties of the subject. Where the *gene* is recessive, it is a very different matter. In that case the disease only appears when the child inherits an abnormal *gene* from each parent, both of whom are to all appearances normal. Amaurotic idiocy is inherited in this way. An exhaustive survey of all cases in Sweden has shown that probably one per cent. of the population carry the *gene*. It is impossible to detect them except when two of them come together and beget an idiot. This is made more probable by inbreeding, but by avoiding inbreeding the *gene* becomes more and more widely diffused among the population. In some thousands of years the problem may become really urgent.

* * *

Several of the diseases the inheritance of which is completely known are diseases of the eye. The reason is simple:

> The eye is one of the few organs which can be satisfactorily examined (during life). It is only because we can recognise several hundred different types of eye trouble, of which a certain fraction is hereditary, that we are able to discuss the matter at all scientifically.

When we come to mental defects, the matter is different, and the eugenist, anxious to sterilise all defectives, is lumping together all sorts of unlike classes. For example, Penrose has shown that the determining factor in "Mongolian imbecility" is the environment of the embryo—provided by certain types of elderly mother. Thus an advance in gynecology would be more likely to prevent Mongolian imbeciles than any measures of sterilisation. On the other hand, an investigation at Birmingham shows what sterilisation (or some form of restraint) of defectives might achieve. Three hundred and forty-five children were studied. Four had both parents defective and the rest had each one parent who had been to a school for defectives. Of all these children twenty-five (7½ per cent.) were at a school for defectives themselves. Another 18½ per cent. were backward. Thus just over one-quarter were either defective or strikingly stupid. Professor Haldane says:

> If the parents had been sterilised we should have got rid of twenty-five defective children and also of three hundred and twenty children who were at any rate not mental defectives.

But nobody suggests sterilising people who are themselves normal, simply because they might marry a defective. Professor Haldane's conclusion appears to me to rest on the unlikely assumption that none of the unsterilised parents would contract a different marriage and produce healthy children. Yet Professor Haldane regards the Birmingham figures as evidence against the eugenic argument for restraining the marriage of defectives. It is clear that as our knowledge of the different classes of mental deficiency increases the eugenic argument will grow greater.

> If the existing differences in fertility of social classes continue, we may expect a slow decline of perhaps one or two per cent. per generation in the mean intelligence quotient of the country. That is, on the whole, deplorable.

In these words Professor Haldane holds out a prospect of a sort of Achilles and tortoise race, approximating to an intelligence of absolute zero! Against such a decline he holds out certain very specious advantages: that people rise in the social scale by aggressiveness, and that our chief ills come from aggressiveness. I don't believe either. For half the population sex-appeal and vitality is economically more valuable than quarrelsomeness. And I believe our evils are due to credulity and obedience far more than to aggressiveness. Professor Haldane is on less debatable ground when he attacks the cruelty of existing eugenic laws and points out the unconscious motives of many advocates of sterilisation.

> A large part of eugenics is a passionate protest against the hard fact that the meek do inherit the earth.

But to demolish the cruel, half-baked and unscientific laws in Germany and America is no argument against scientific eugenics, which I think must follow the study of human genetics step by step. In my opinion, the most desirable immediate change which would at the same time prevent the violent decline of population predicted and be eugenic would be for women to have their first children earlier. At present the mother's age is steadily rising. By subsidising girl mothers we should vastly increase human happiness, breed from the healthiest, and arrest a too rapid fall of the population. The grandmothers would have to hold the babies—but it would be pleasant to be a grandparent at fifty. There is a great deal in Professor Haldane's admirable book I haven't been able to touch on. It is a book that everyone should argue about.

DAVID GARNETT

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# PHILOSOPHY AND COMMON SENSE

**A Philosophy for a Modern Man.** By PROFESSOR H. LEVY. *Gollancz. 7s. 6d.*

Ever since the end of the Middle Ages, the great theological and philosophical systems that have moved Europe have been German. Luther, Kant and Marx are pre-eminent in this connection, but there are many others, notably the antinomians, the quietists, the intellectual precursors of the Nazis, and Hegel. With the exception of the quietists, these men all have certain common characteristics: they make the world logically orderly and ethically harsh, the embodiment of a divine idea which crushes out its idolatrous opponents. Perhaps Kant hardly fits into the formula; but even he maintains that, if you are kind to your brother from natural affection, your action has no moral worth, which it only acquires if you act from conscious obedience to the moral law. The logical quality of the cosmos, as it appears in each of these great systems, is due to the fact that it is one man's cosmos: it contains what one man finds noticeable, what one man loves or hates, and thus acquires a unity which is really that of one man's temperament. To a man who is alive to the existence of others, and sensitive to their ideas and feelings, there is something repellent in this egoism of the imagination; but at the same time there is a Titanic magnificence in the energy, comprehensiveness, and intellectual boldness of the great Germans, which surpasses what has been attained in other modern nations.

The English, when they have been aware of the existence of the Germans, have reacted to them in one or other of two ways: either they have treated them with contempt, or they have edited them and bowdlerised them until their systems seemed compatible with common sense. To Sir Thomas More, Luther was merely detestable; to the Elizabethan theologians, he was to be treated, as he is in the Preface to the Authorised Version, as affording opportunities for statesmanlike compromise. James Mill remarked, "I see well enough what poor Kant would be at," but Coleridge made "poor Kant" the basis of a Broad-Church movement. Hegelianism becomes bland and sensible in the writings of Caird and Bosanquet, and so does Marxism in the writings of Professor Levy.

The reader who goes to Professor Levy's book expecting to find what is ordinarily called "philosophy" will be disappointed. There is much admirable science, and there are speculations about social evolution and its laws. These speculations may or may not be correct—as to that, time will show. But they are certainly supported by less evidence than is demanded of ordinary scientific theories. I do not see how any man of scientific temper, if he is not misled by political urgencies, can believe that there exists already a reliable science of social dynamics. And as regards the Marxist "science," in particular, it is to be observed that its adepts showed not the slightest foreboding of the rise of Fascism.

"If a philosophy," says Professor Levy, "is to be a real living guide to man, it must illuminate the part he has to play in reshaping the world so that his ideals may finally be achieved." I find nothing to criticise in this sentence. But the word "ideals," which appears in it, never reappears. We are not told what man's ideals are, or whether all men have the same ideals. I imagine that Professor Levy's ideals are much the same as mine, but I do not think they are the same as those of Calvin or Nietzsche or Hitler. How are we to know who is right in such a case? Is not this a matter which philosophy should at least discuss? No doubt the Marxist answer is that, for technological reasons, our ideals will triumph and Hitler's will be defeated. As a politician, I hope so; but as a philosopher I feel dissatisfied. Is it not rather sycophantic to make victory the test of truth? If, on the other hand, victory really is the sole test, the word "ideals" ought to be abandoned.

"Truth," we are told, "is the summation of man's experience at any given moment." But what is "man's experience"? Is not this a metaphysical unreality? Hitler would say we ought to substitute "the experience of Germans"; cats, if they could, would say that we ought to include the experience of cats. When people speak of "man," they are to be suspected of giving a fictitious universality to themselves.

Professor Levy obviously desires to be as free from metaphysics as possible; nevertheless, in his first chapter he assures us that "The universe exists," and that "existence is something different from mere being." I should have said—and most modern logicians would agree—that "the universe exists" is either meaningless or merely linguistic. And to distinguish between "existence" and "being" is to risk sinking into a slough of mysticism. However, the point is perhaps unimportant, since no inferences are drawn from the assumption that the universe exists.

The contention that physicists have taken over from the good Bishop Berkeley, that "matter" is out of date, is combated by Professor Levy. "The word matter," he says, "is used here for what we pick up as pieces and objects everywhere. Common sense refuses to be violated by false interpretations of simple scientific discoveries." The discoveries mentioned in the context are those that prove that an apparently solid body is mostly empty space; and if that were all, matter might survive. But modern quantum theory has made some "simple" discoveries that are much more difficult to reconcile with older notions. Atoms have to be regarded as series of events; it is possible, for certain purposes, to suppose that atoms contain electrons, but they are perpetually undergoing quantum transitions which are like microscopic three-card tricks, in that they make it impossible to identify one of the electrons before the transition with one of those after it. Not only can no identity be *discovered*, but it is held to be meaningless to suppose that there is any. The series of events is all that the physicists need to believe in, and the material substratum is dismissed as a piece of metaphysical lumber. I could wish that the author had met this argument, which he does not even mention in the passage on the reality of matter, though he considers quantum physics later in another connection.

The view that accident sometimes plays an important part in history is, of course, combated. "We are far from asserting that so-called accidental factors may not be significant. . . . Nevertheless, to leave it like that would merely be to adopt an attitude of futility; it would attempt to justify a chaotic view of the world; it would deny the possibility of any kind of science at all, and would assert the impossibility of seeing any orderly pattern in life." This is not rational argument; it is the language of the believer who says that without faith life loses its meaning. The argument for the importance of what is loosely called "accident" in history

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—apart from instances in its favour—is a deduction from macroscopic physical determinism together with some of the peculiarities of living matter. Living matter, like dynamite, is in a state of unstable equilibrium, where a small precipitating cause can produce a great effect. The more highly organised the animal, the more notable this characteristic becomes; and it is repeated in social organisations, in a more and more intense form as they become more closely knit. It may be quite impossible to calculate the very minute differences which determine on which side of the watershed the stream of events shall descend: it is clear that two situations which agree in all the *large* causal factors may develop quite differently owing to this peculiarity of individual and social organic life. The opposite belief is based upon unwillingness to admit the irrationality of the world. Behind Professor Levy's modern-sounding words the attentive reader hears the mutterings of the pale ghost of Hegel.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

## SIR PETER AMONG THE REBELS

**My House in Málaga.** By SIR PETER CHALMERS MITCHELL. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Unlike themselves, so many Spanish theorists have assured me, the British become more radical in politics the older they get! A flattering delusion, yet one that has a germ of truth in it. We do produce such figures as Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell who are not merely Scottish gallants, Irish rebels or Welsh magicians, congenitally eccentric, but men who help the future to be born instead of hindering it. Youthful in heart and open-minded, they carry a love of truthfulness into years usually reserved for automatic and conventional judgments; and lend, what is so important in England, gravity and even charm to the untidy cause of liberty. I do not know how much of an Anarchist Sir Peter really is and it does not matter. The point is that, like all intelligent travellers since Ford, he was as impressed by the character of the humbler classes in Spain as he was shocked by the aristocracy and wealthier classes who have aped the worst of bourgeois France for over a century. No doubt he has identified all these humble people with the one distinctively Spanish movement. But whatever else his liking for the Anarchists is, it is far more than a foible, and it has not prevented him in any way from presenting all the facts he observed.

Very few people have contented themselves with reporting exactly what they saw in Spain at the beginning of the civil war; and the worst offenders were those resident British in places like the Málaga coast who, having got their politics from the consul, who in turn had got them from a small circle of business men, rushed off full of hearsay atrocity to Gibraltar. There is no need to go into all that now. Sir Peter's celebrated letter to the *Times* debunked these stories with the result that he is not much liked in Gibraltar now. More interesting is Sir Peter's own personal day-by-day story which shows in what human circumstances things like the Málaga panic originate. His book is not of great political moment; its history is necessarily simplified and the nature of the civil war has changed many times since those early days. But the book is a cool, humane and fascinating study of Spanish and English types in a muddle and is pretty well a manual on how to behave in a crisis for future generations of windy Englishmen abroad.

Sir Peter's own dilemma was acute. Humanity dictated that he must protect his very difficult, very frightened outlandishly snobbish aristocratic neighbours, the Bolins, whose relations were deeply committed to the Franco cause and who prayed nightly for his victory. Honesty compelled him to tell them as tactfully as possible that though he would give them all the assistance in his power and at the risk of his own ease and safety, he was utterly of the opposite side. And the reality of politics was that the only hope for these aristocrats lay in the help and decency of the despised and abominated common people, the dreadful Anarchists in particular. Dealing with the inmates of the Zoo seems to have helped Sir Peter with human beings. And sure enough the Bolins, when they were smuggled into Gibraltar at last, bit the hand that had fed them. It was a Bolin, at one time the egregious press agent of General Franco, who arrested Sir Peter when Málaga fell, threatened his life and took away his papers without returning them, though Sir Peter had preserved incriminating documents and property of the Bolin family. And Tomás Bolin, who owed his life to the Englishman's patience and diplomacy, behaved with violence and gross ingratitude. No doubt the stress of the times must be allowed. Humanity frightened is not a nice sight; but the Spanish civil war exists, not only for major economic and ideological reasons, but precisely because of things like the Bolin temperament.

Sir Peter, like all men of character, cuts an engaging figure in this comi-tragedy. One sees the white-haired and distinguished scientist, shrewd and spry, but a bit scared too, whipping out his cigarette-case before sentinels and committees, bravely speaking bad Spanish to the joy of his audience in low bars, discussing the brotherhood of man and the less stimulating subject of the British Labour Party, on lorries, tactfully inviting an Italian officer of the advance guard of Franco troops to a wash and brush up. One sees him, too, being cut by some of the English at Gibraltar as a Red—the kind of English who, when the war broke out, did not protect their Spanish friends but threw them out as quickly as possible whatever their party, on that principle of non-intervention which looks like becoming a private characteristic of the English middle class. Indeed, on putting down this quiet and illuminating book one wonders if it is not in this new trait of our middle-class mind, so distressingly manifested by those getting cheap board and lodging on the Málaga coast, that the seed of our country's unbeautiful foreign policy lies.

V. S. PRITCHETT


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## GOOD MAN GONE WRONG

**Thoughts and Talks.** By SIR ARNOLD WILSON. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

I expected to be angry. Had I not heard of Sir Arnold Wilson as a Diehard Tory with, so it was rumoured, Fascist leanings? Had I not read of the egregious performance or non-performance of his Spanish Children's Repatriation Committee; of his persistent endeavour to send Basque children back to Franco's Spain, to parents or to no parents, to food or to no food, to everywhere and anywhere at all, provided only that England were rid of them? And so, as I said, I expected to be angry. But, having read Sir Arnold's book, I am not angry; I am only bewildered; bewildered by the incalculability, by the wild irresponsibility of human nature; bewildered that such an obviously enlightened and intelligent man can believe such palpable

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nonsense; that such an obviously "nice chap" can hold such sinister views.

For Sir Arnold, I insist, is enlightened. Some little time ago I heard him address a meeting of the Libraries' Association. Public Libraries, he insisted, are places where people should have access to *every* point of view; in which, therefore, the *Daily Worker* as well as the *Blackshirt* should be made available. How cordially I agreed. How cordially, too, do I agree with many of the sentiments in the present book: it was an outrage to make a motor road over the Honister, the Y.H.A. is an admirable institution and deserves support—there are 2,000 hostels in Germany; even Sweden has 250, but we have still only 270, which could accommodate three times as many walkers and cyclists as they do. What an endowment chance for a rich man—we ought to spend money on restoring the English countryside; the English people can decide political issues for themselves and should and will resist any attempt by authority, whether political or bureaucratic, to impose decisions on them—to all this and much more I heartily subscribed. . . . Here, I felt, is a man after my own heart, and when he went on to denounce English cooking, to lament the weakness of English beer, and to propose a new Order of Merit for those who spend their lives in nursing epileptics and other incurables, my heart warmed to him.

For he is, it is obvious, such a nice chap. Hearty, genial and "matey," a "good mixer"—*vide* publisher's "blurb"—interested in everybody and everything, he travels about the country addressing constituents, giving away prizes, speaking at public dinners, talking to young couples in trains, to Lancashire clerks and mill-hands on Lakeland walks, to Welsh transferees travelling under Government training schemes to Letchworth, to a young man of good birth serving as a ranker in the army . . . talking, it is clear, with ease and opportunity to all sorts and conditions of men and, it is equally clear, being liked by them as much as he likes them.

No doubt he does a little "guide-booking"; he tells them this; they "were surprised to learn that"; they were "thrilled" to see his map of Roman remains—but even if his expansive heartiness might on occasion turn out to be a little overwhelming—on one of those night train journeys, for example, when one shared his third "sleeper"—there can be no manner of doubt as to the goodwill which inspires it and which it inspires.

And he likes the British working-man, especially when organised in Co-ops and Trade Unions which, as he rightly surmises, are "normally a conservative force." The British working-man is the salt of the earth, but he is unfortunate in his leaders; still more unfortunate in his advisers. When he comes to speak of the "intelligentsia of the movement, the careerists, the dreamers, the professors and the young people whose experience of life comes from books, not men," Sir Arnold's usual bonhomie deserts him. Again and again he returns to the attack. He cannot forgive the intellectuals for actually having a plan, a plan for altering the economic arrangements of a society from which Sir Arnold benefits so much and the British working-man, for all that he is the salt of the earth, so little. (There are still 11 million wage-earners in this country receiving less than £125 a year, and the average wage for the country as a whole is less than £100 a year, which, I suppose, is fundamentally why the anathematised intelligentsia *do* want to alter our economic arrangements.) Yet even so, I do not see why Sir Arnold should be so angry with them. For, writing in 1936, he declares that "the desire to spread the butter of enjoyment more evenly over the bread of necessity" is real and universal. Nor, as one reads his pages, is it possible to doubt that he is genuinely concerned to promote the welfare of the English worker, even if the expression of his concern reminds one on occasion of something rather heavy sitting on the top of something else and devoting its time and energy to considering how to make things light for that which it is sitting on top of.

I have liked Sir Arnold well enough so far to forgive his little inconsistencies—as when it turns out that the salt of the earth has now become Strube's Little Man, "a bewildered, helpless city-bred slave"—and to smile at his little naïvetés, at, for example, his picture of the "simpler" Labour leaders, Henderson, and Hardie and Wheatley—Wheatley, of all people!—losing the leadership of the Party "to the theorists, the economists, the experts, the place-seekers" and, inevitably, to the wicked intelligentsia.

But at this point my indulgence stops and my bewilderment—not, I insist, my anger, but my sheer bewilderment—begins. For at this point it becomes impossible any longer to deny oneself the

pleasure of asking this enlightened and benevolent man how he can be such a simpleton as to believe that Franco "administers two-thirds of the area and population" (of the *population*, mind you, of Spain); that wilful acts of cruelty "are not seriously alleged, much less proved against General Franco's adherents" (not even *alleged*, mark you; why I have alleged them myself!); that "the poison of atrocities" has entered Spain, "as it entered Hungary, from Soviet Russia." (Did the Spanish Inquisitors, one wonders, sleeping in the fifteenth century, envisage in a Dunne dream the methods of the Ogpu?); that General Franco's "features . . . voice, and . . . public pronouncements differ but little from those of a British Viceroy or Prime Minister," and that the Nyon agreement was wicked—the sentiment is put into the mouth of one of Franco's officers, but Sir Arnold apparently agrees with it—because it would tend "to prolong the civil war and would impose upon Nationalist Spain yet greater sacrifices of men and material." I have chosen a batch of beliefs relating to events in Spain, but they are fair samples of many in the book. They afford, it is obvious, matter not for political discussion but for psychological inquiry. It is not their falsehood that intrigues, but their origins. Can they, one wonders, be the product of Sir Arnold's reason—which in other respects seems to be quite a good reason—or the reflections of his wishes? Is it better, one wonders, to think wrongly on merits, or to think wrongly because one desires wrongly, desires, for example, that in Spain reaction should be enthroned, education stamped out and poverty perpetuated? Now Plato, whom Sir Arnold mentions frequently and with respect, thought that the lie in the soul was worse than the lie of the reason.

C. E. M. JOAD

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*All That Matters* will be worth, to a great many readers, somewhat more than the ordinarily worth-while novel. It has what it should have—a story that makes one attend, characters that provoke emotions as well as thoughts, and a reasonable variousness of moral and material experience. Into the bargain, however, it is one of the most serviceable novels I have come across for people who may know, but would also like to feel, how Hitler swindled his way to power. Accurate in its facts, skilfully merging public and private histories, the book lets one see how the German "revolution" came about in terms of everyday, credulous, credible individuals.

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> "Out with the Jew! Out with the Jew! Out with the Jew!"
> "Silence!" the Major shouted.
> There was silence.

Next, volleys of manure come in at the windows, but the Major seizes his sabre, and with the help of his son and the novelist, he clears the grounds. He goes indoors to find his elderly wife gripping Hitler's *Mein Kampf* to her bosom, and hissing insults at the young novelist:

> "It's all printed in here! Communists and Anarchists and Socialists, that's what they are, murderers and criminals!"
> "Silence!" the Major shouted. "Give me that book!"

He gets hold of it, and stuffs it in the stove. The next morning he makes his comment. A comment which was on the lips of every unprejudiced man in Germany at the time:

MACMILLAN

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MACMILLAN

> This won't go on. The Government will do something about it, or the army. They ought to tell Hindenburg. He'd do something about it. Only perhaps he doesn't know. He's very old——

In Berlin, the contest over the novelist's allegiance is undisguised, and this is the core of the book. On the one side is his natural inclination to be what he is, an individual artist, writing his stories, and earning money for his coming child: Christina, half-selfishly and half-wisely, fights on this side. On the other is Memling, his great friend, driving him into awareness of his obligations as an articulate member of a threatened society. Memling wins, and then the harvest of what must be first-hand observation begins to lend the book remarkable qualities. Earnings fall off; he takes over the editorship of a Republican paper; Brownshirts take to lounging about his street. Hopes rise as Hitler loses two million votes in what were to be the last free elections, and then sink as the news comes of the settling of his debts by the Cologne millionaires. Herr Mendelssohn's evocation of that winter, with the thickening, sickening Nazi flags along the Kurfuerstendamm, is masterly. The feeling that everything in the narrator's country which he loves and respects is sliding down into some new kind of permanent night is brilliantly conveyed. Certain acquaintances, his publisher among them, begin to disappear; others, to be unexpectedly rude. His child is born on the evening of the Reichstag fire, and the doctor is arrested in the middle of the delivery. Soon, his flat suffers the usual gutting, and he is arrested himself. When he is released his wife refuses to go with him to Paris. She says:

> I can't keep it up. You're pushing me into things I am not made for. You're putting things into me that are not in me. You never wanted to believe it when I told you. But it is true. I'm not brave, and I'm not clever and not strong. I'm a coward, and silly and weak. You've always known it. But you've deceived yourself. . . .

She gives up the child, and with it, he departs to earn a precarious living as an emigrant. What makes Herr Mendelssohn's story so unusually moving is his fairness and restraint: there is no touch of querulousness, or the wrong sort of propaganda. His drama is a private tragedy caused by, and performed against, the background of a great cultural collapse. That this has become a classic form of tragedy for the Europe of our time adds interest to his work.

It is not very often that first novels are as good as Mr. Allen's. I am beginning to think that there must be something helpful to young writers about living outside London. In London, it is so easy to get one's thinking done for one, and so difficult to get one's teeth into the English scene. For many intellectuals, London is a collection of tiny villages on an island in the Channel, and this is extremely bad for novelists, whoever else it may be good for. Birmingham, on the other hand, whence Mr. Allen comes, is still a unit in English life: there, if one writes a book, one writes it oneself. *Innocence is Drowned* consists of three days in the life of one family of Birmingham workers. The parents and the three sons each tell their story, in broken sections; a dangerous device, but one which the author has handled adroitly. The father, Mr. Gardiner, is an unemployed, consumptive tool-maker. Conscientious, nonconformist, sensible, yet dreaming, sometimes, of new jobs, his personality reveals itself in musings about his second son Eric, a cinema-mad young tough:

> The Revolution! Mr. Gardiner had been a Socialist for years; and his son came and talked to him about the Revolution as though he had discovered it himself! And then coming home smelling of beer and talking his rotten American slang! When the next war came he'd go like a shot, the bloody young fool.

Mr. Gardiner, in fact, is an admirable portrait of the man who may still save England from the Londonderrys and Duff-Coopers. Ralph, living his last year at the University on scholarships, is the eldest son. Nice, disorientated, he is in the toils of an engagement with a girl who has been to Cambridge and is inclined to be desperate, managing and superior:

> Poverty was something that existed below £150 a year, and everything about him reminded him of his own poverty. For her, the poverty-line was £500.
>
> "Anyway, I suppose we'll always be poor, since you're going to be a schoolmaster," she said.

Towards the end, Mr. Allen has exactly caught the slow slip of Ralph's type into unhappy boasting, borrowing and drinking. Eric is the only son earning money. He, too, is a well-conceived creature—as, indeed, they all are—in his uninterruptable fantasy of sex and power. Utterly egocentric, he likes no one, and the novel concludes on the eve of his arrest for blackmailing a fellow-worker, a girl who has refused his crabbed advances. There is, unfortunately, little room to explore further details of incident. The book is a successful study in realism. As writing, it has a quite extraordinary intensity of feeling, and this can seldom be balanced, in first novels, with the compensatory objectivity. Here, it is: this will not be the last we shall hear of Mr. Allen.

Mr. Halper's huge novel revolves round a black iron funnel which goes from top to bottom of the Golden Rule Mail Order building in Chicago. The chute. Mr. Sinclair Lewis has said of the author: "He is the equal of Faulkner and Hemingway, and he will go on." The first statement, as I see it, is an exaggeration. Mr. Halper is a sort of mixture of Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Upton Sinclair. As regards the second statement, it is only too true. Mr. Halper goes on like mad. The word "sweat," for one thing, has certainly never been used so often in a novel before, unless he wrote it. Nevertheless, although the author could have said everything he wished to in half as many words, this is one of those odd occasions on which the superfluity is soothing. The book is far too long, but pleasantly and informatively so, like a very good newspaper. Down the thundering, bell-ringing mouth of the chute the cheap clothes for the Middle West and South have got to go, and go on time. On the whole, the chief interest of the novel is that it includes descriptions of the actual effects of a certain celebrated speeding-up system. The employees, mostly under twenty, are already driven to the limit before its introduction. "I can't say I like the spirit of your personnel this morning," says the efficiency expert, frowning, after an enormous Dutchman has suggested that he could work far faster if he had four hands. The Golden Rule Company makes its profits by preventing its labour organising, and by constant pep talks full of rubbish about being a Happy Family, Co-operation, Service, etc. It is seen through the eyes of one of the packers, Paul, who hoped to become an architect, and of his poor Jewish relations. An extensive assortment of secondary characters is included, all dependent on this fear-ridden, predatory, hypocritical institution for their happiness and livelihood. Mr. Halper has demonstrated, sometimes amusingly and sometimes with effective ferocity, how the loyalty that it so ruthlessly demanded of its victims was invariably rewarded.

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Mr. Gilbert Seldes' admirable book is a short survey of film history. The 130 odd illustrations are grouped so as forcibly to emphasise the text. Mr. Seldes is rational and realistic in his attitudes. He is concerned with history only in so far as it affects the present position. His story is in effect an account of that widespread popular collective art form—the film to-day. On the last page he quotes Dr. Erwin Panovsky, "the great German art critic": "If all the lyrical poets, painters and sculptors now living were forced by law to stop writing poetry or producing art, a very small section of the general public would become aware of the fact, and a still smaller fraction would seriously regret it. But if the same thing would happen with the movies, there would be the most gruesome of revolutions within a week." Movies have become art, industry and opiate in one. Despite its setbacks, the cinema has achieved such a position in the lives of the people that, as Mr. Seldes points out, many a regular patron seems to pay his money almost entirely for the sensation of being at the cinema, without reference to the quality of entertainment provided. The filmgoer accepts more rubbish (which he recognises as such) than any other buyer of entertainment. He is almost the only one who will come in half-way through a piece, see the end first, the introduction half-way through, and who will leave contentedly again at half-way through. The regular filmgoer swallows the second-grade programme picture along with the super hit, for both are covered with the same ballyhoo. For him the film companies make films to suit themselves—scandalously wasteful or callously economical according to whim. When the craving is upon the addict it is vain for critics to talk of boycotts and better films. The demand is too powerful to stem even for a week, the best a critic can hope to do is to divert it from the dull to the less dull.

Because films fade so quickly and completely beyond the general release, notes written on films are the most ephemeral of criticism. Pressed in an album they recall perhaps a faint stinging or a vanished disembodied pash. The film critic dare not hope, like Coleridge, that "the ultimate aim of criticism is more to establish principles . . . than to furnish rules to pass judgment. . . ." His work is too immediate to have an ultimate aim. If he thinks to be didactic about film-making he will soon be discouraged. In films, more than in any other form of art, the most careful planning is apt to go most deadly wrong. The good films appear unexpectedly from unlikely sources, the bad ones come from everywhere. The common reader demands from his film critic suggestions, possible lines of appreciation or rules for disapproval. Film notes are as evanescent as conversation, and similar standards of information and quick wittedness apply. A sensitive appreciation, intelligently expressed (as, say, in the fragments by Robert Herring in Mr. Alistair Cooke's symposium) is worth all the anatomising of technique that has been done. Like Mr. Seldes, most of the writers in *Garbo and the Night Watchmen* manage the conversational tone extremely well. Like him, too, they manage mostly to leave their generalisations open and to avoid the conclusion. Mr. Cooke writes in the foreword: "the test of these pieces was that they should be entertaining writing." So far they succeed. The critic can, after all, only state a preference; if he can make a joke of it, it is so much the more forceful. "Clark Gable is usually Boris Karloff to me," remarks Mr. Don Herold. For sheer entertainment value I think Mr. Meyer Levin's crushingly destructive analysis of American naval college films is about the best thing in *Garbo and the Night Watchmen*, though Mr. Otis Ferguson's account of the Grace Moore routine is nearly as good. The last section of the book is devoted to criticism of Mr. Chaplin's last film by all of the contributors. These include, in addition to those mentioned before, Mr. John Marks, Mr. Graham Greene, Miss Cecilia Ager and Mr. Robert Forsythe.

*Cinemania* is a discursive, verbose, panoramic, subjective view of the motion picture business, chatty almost to garrulity. Mr. Alfred Gordon Bennett describes himself in his foreword:

> (*a*) My career to date seems to have demonstrated that I possess as a writer certain qualities that render my work suitable for the filmic medium. (*b*) Over a period of years I have trained my fingers to crank and control a camera and make electrical connections, and my eyes to peer with a measure of accuracy and efficiency through a view-finder, etc., etc., etc.

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## POSITION OF JAPAN

**China and Japan.** INFORMATION DEPARTMENT PAPERS NO. 2. *Royal Institute of International Affairs.* 2s. 6d.

Reading this book one is reminded of Matsuoka's remark at Geneva in 1932 to the effect that Sir John Simon had put the case for Japan much better than he could do it himself. To say the same of this new Chatham House publication might be an exaggeration, but the authors certainly present Japan's case with such "impartiality" that parts of the book read like the effort of a British delegate to the League of Nations to represent Japanese aggression in as favourable a light as possible, and to avoid the use of any word which might offend the Japanese Government. One gets a general impression that by daring to oppose Japanese encroachments, and by allowing themselves to dislike those at whose hands they had suffered repeated aggression, the Chinese people provoked the war, or at least provided the Japanese with real grievances. At the outset we are told that "the alleged official cultivation of anti-Japanese sentiment in China, with its corollary in the form of unofficial boycotts, may or may not be regarded as coming within the category of 'unfriendly acts' between nations, though it is obviously impossible to refuse this description to manifestations of this sentiment in the form of acts of violence against Japanese individuals and property." As an example of such violence we are given the incident of the shooting of a Japanese naval officer and seaman at the Hunjao aerodrome outside Shanghai on August 8th last year. Since this officer was endeavouring to force his way into the Chinese aerodrome the sentry's act in shooting him cannot with any justice be cited as an act of reprehensible anti-Japanism. Similarly the shooting of Captain Nakamura who was found map-making along the border of

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Inner Mongolia in 1931—a not unnatural fate for a spy caught in the act—is referred to in this book as the "murder" of an officer and his assistants "travelling on a mission in the interior of Manchuria."

Other incidents, which led directly to the outbreak of hostilities in 1931–32 and 1937, are recounted without regard to the clear evidence available that the Japanese deliberately provoked them, and whereas pages are devoted to the Japanese case, Chinese grievances are frequently only referred to in footnotes or omitted altogether.

There is no mention at all of the drug traffic which flourished in North China under the protection of, and doubtless to the considerable profit of, the Japanese Army. Japan's smuggling ramp (although due importance is given to it in the economic section at the end of the book) is vaguely and inconspicuously referred to in a footnote in Part II as "the extensive smuggling which was going on in North China."

Japan's repeated bombing of undefended towns, although it is clear that the objective was the destruction of the morale of the civilian population, is here referred to as if the objective were only the destruction of strategic centres and railway communications.

Undue importance is attached to Japan's excuse that she is fighting Communism in China and establishing herself there mainly with the object of preparing for "the trial of strength with Russia which is so widely believed to be inevitable." It is not explicitly stated that this constitutes a valid excuse for Japan's aggression, but it is continually dragged in.

In general, the readers will do well to accept this account of the events leading up to the present war with considerable caution, and should compare it with that given by Morgan Young in his valuable *Fact* booklet, *Japan's War on China*.

One cannot also escape the conclusion that, if the authors had studied the economic material they themselves present later in the book they would have been able to give a truer and more complete picture of the real causes of the present war. For it is essential to realise that Japan's professed new pacific line of policy in China, as announced in the early months of last year by her statesmen and somewhat uncritically accepted in this country, should never have been taken seriously. Japan's heavy industry is too weak, and the feudal survivals in her economic and social structure are too strong, for her to be able to compete with Britain and the U.S.A. by confining herself to the methods of economic imperialist expansion.

For China economic collaboration on equal terms, or at least without surrender of full political sovereignty over her own territory, might have been acceptable, but the Japanese have always sought to control the whole economic life of China in the interest of Japanese Big Business and to deprive the Chinese Government of all but the shadow of political control. The authors of this book are too inclined to accept Japan's earlier offers of "economic collaboration" at their face value, and to leave the reader with an impression that if China had not been so "anti-Japanese" Japan would not now be attempting to conquer her.

Although the internal political structure of Japan is ably analysed no attempt is made to link up social and political factors. Peasant distress is mentioned, but it is not shown how fear of agrarian revolution drives the land-owning class to favour a course of what might be termed permanent aggression. The prosecution of "dangerous thinkers" in Japan is referred to as only affecting Radicals and Communists, whereas in fact it also means the imprisonment of liberals, pacifists and all those who desire to change the Constitution which gives absolute power to the "divine" Emperor.

The Japanese people are stated to have "put aside their domestic differences" to give solid support to the Army. How can we, in fact, know that this is so in a country which has neither free speech nor a free press, and in which the elected representatives of the people in Parliament are so powerless that they are arrested if they oppose the war? The recent imprisonment of hundreds of people, including two Labour M.P.s, merely for having spread anti-war talk, shows that there is no such unanimity as the writers of this book believe to exist.

As regards the concluding chapters, the reader will find them a valuable source of reference concerning the economic and financial position of both Japan and China. In spite of a certain tendency to minimise Japan's war material weakness, the facts as here presented do not in the least justify the remark of the *Times* reviewer that "Japan's self-sufficiency in foodstuffs and command over various raw materials are reminders of the limited possibilities of sanctions."

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But none of this matters very much. The sting of the story is in its moral. Broadly, Mr. Wells holds that a great new age is here only if we can accept it. The leaders agree that they are "obstetricians—no less and no more. We may kill the birth—yes, as we may save the birth, or cripple it, but I doubt if we can alter it in any other way." Unlimited strife between Fascism and Communism, he suggests, may bring us back to barbarism; what is needed is for those who see the new world to join in helping at its birth.

About this we may readily agree without feeling that Mr. Wells has helped by more than a warning against fanaticism. For Mr. Wells has loaded the dice by making his Fascist leader at least as enlightened and clear-sighted about the new world as his Socialist brother. He is shown as resolutely determined to overcome the military, capitalist and clerical interests that are trying to use him. With such a Fascist leader it would be folly for Socialism not to make terms, because he would not be Fascist, and in real life he would not long survive as leader of a Fascist Party. He does not survive in Mr. Wells' story, but he is killed by accident, not by the power of the reactionary forces of which he is nominally the leader. The practical problem is more difficult—how call a halt to a war in which the Fascists are Fascists and do not at present show any signs of being led by Bolaris?

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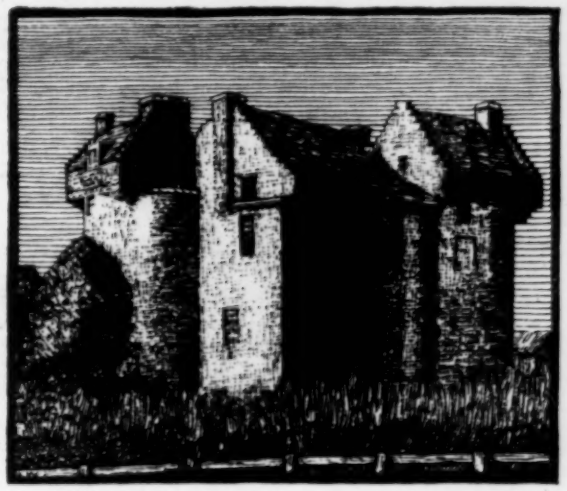

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been touched as yet, though their works are admirably suited to the intimate conditions of gramophone reproduction.

With the publication (in a Special Dealers' list No. 2, available to special order only) of an album of the works of Monteverdi, H.M.V. fill a serious gap in recorded music. It contains five records made by a vocal and instrumental ensemble under the direction of Mlle. Nadia Boulanger, accompanied by an excellent booklet of notes by J. A. Westrup, which would be still more useful if he had given a full literal translation of the Italian words instead of a brief *précis ;* for, with Monteverdi as with all good composers of vocal music, the words are enormously important and must be followed attentively if the full meaning is to be caught. Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643) is not to be dismissed as an " interesting historical figure " ; he is a master of expressive melody who seems at moments archaic only because, unlike most great composers, he worked during a period of transition, and in various undefined and fluid forms for which no place can be found in the large theatres and concert-halls of the present day. His long life covers the period of transition from pure vocal polyphony to the establishment of the early classical declamatory opera ; but Mlle. Boulanger has chosen, not excerpts from his two great operas, but pieces from the nine books of madrigals, eight of which were published during his lifetime. Most of these are drawn from the later books and are not what we ordinarily mean by " madrigals," but duets and trios with instrumental accompaniment, and, in one instance, a sort of miniature drama—masque—ballet. This is *Il Ballo delle Ingrate*, complete on DB 5041, a ravishing record which I particularly recommend to those who do not wish to order the whole set unseen. It has a typical Renaissance theme : a group of women condemned to eternal punishment for their hard-heartedness in love and permitted to return for a few moments to the upper world. After a long and solemn bass recitative (Pluto) one of the *ingrate* apostrophises, in a melody of remote, unearthly beauty, the *aer sereno e puro* which she must leave for ever ; each verse of her farewell concludes with an appeal to the audience in a melting cadence for four unaccompanied voices : *apprendete pietà, donne e donzelle*. Utterly different, but no less delightful, is the little Botticellian *canzonetta* for two tenors beginning *Chiome d'oro, bel tesoro*, in which the very spirit of the early Renaissance makes its belated appearance in the always laggard art of music. This exquisitely selected and performed album will reveal, I hope to hundreds, a great master who should never have been forgotten.

Another recording which deserves particular welcome takes us on three centuries ; it is the Walton *Viola Concerto*, played by Frederick Riddle and the L.S.O. under the composer's direction on three Deccas. Written in 1929, this grave and beautifully constructed work stands head and shoulders above most of the music produced in the trivial 'twenties ; indeed, the flood of lyrical emotion which fills its first and last movements has only made itself felt here and there in his subsequent productions. The *Symphony* and *Belshazzar's Feast* contain glorious pages ; but in them some at least of the tremendous tension seems to be a matter of superbly calculated dynamics rather than of sheer musical thinking ; they take the audience by storm, whereas after a few hearings the *Viola Concerto* finds its way quietly into our affections and remains there. The recording is extremely successful, and though many will regret that Tertis did not record the work before his retirement, Riddle's performance is most satisfactory.

The Mozart boom continues, influenced no doubt by the fashionable discovery that his operas are delightful—so long as they are given at Salzburg under Toscanini, or in Sussex at £2 a head. Three small works are recorded this month for the first time. Réné le Roq and the Pasquier Trio do on a single H.M.V. the trivial little *Flute Quartet in A* (K. 298). Sir Thomas Beecham conducts the L.P.O. in an early symphony, also in A (K. 201, 3 Cols.). Unfortunately, he is at the moment going through a phase of taking everything extremely slowly, and his *tempi* for the minuet, and still more for the first movement (marked *Allegro moderato*) quite sap the vitality of this conventional but attractive work : even the recording lacks the usual Beecham sparkle. Handsome amends are made by a single H.M.V. containing the great *Adagio and Fugue in C minor* (K. 546), superbly played by the Adolf Busch Chamber Players. The Fugue is a transcription by Mozart from an earlier keyboard version, to which he added a long, slow introduction which ranks among his deepest and most searching inspirations : towards the end there is a chain of enharmonic modulations which can still amaze the harmonically jaded ear of 1938. Two classical overtures have been recorded by the Vienna Philharmonic : Beethoven's *Egmont* (Weingartner, 1 Col.) and Brahms's *Academic Festival* (Walter, 1 H.M.V.), both very fine specimens of modern recording and undoubtedly in each case the best available version, the Weingartner *Egmont* in particular being one of the most vital of all that conductor's many contributions to the gramophone library.

But the cream of the month's issues for those who want to stick to the familiar classics is the H.M.V. recording (5 discs) of Dvořák's *Violoncello Concerto*, played by Casals and the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Szell. The great work, with its profusion of lovely melodies and brilliant handling of the technical problems involved in a 'cello concerto, receives here an absolutely definitive interpretation. Dvořák marks the 'cello's opening phrase *risoluto*, and Casals' fiery attack and onward, pulsing drive at once remind us that he is among instrumentalists what Toscanini is among conductors. In the divine slow movement, he draws a line of the utmost tenderness and concealed strength. This set is almost beyond criticism, were it not that the recording experts, impressed by the greatness of the soloist, have allowed his tone to obscure certain essential strands of melody on the wood-wind : at times too, the volume of 'cello tone sounds almost more than life-like, which may be the explanation of Casals' apparent failure to observe Dvořák's *pianissimo* in the second subject of the first movement. But these are trifles ; what music, and what playing !

It was hardly worth while to record Bizet's recently unearthed student *Symphony in C major* (4 H.M.V.'s : L.P.O., Goehr), a high-spirited but commonplace affair with an incongruous academic *fugato* in the middle of an Oriental slow movement. On the other hand, Mendelssohn's dashing *Quartet in D*, Op. 41, No. 1, was well worth revival, if only for its brilliant *Presto* finale. The playing of the Stradivarius Quartet is stylish and intensely alive ; but the American recording, with its shallow biscuit-tin bass, allows no more than a guess at the quality of their tone (3 Cols.). Chopin's *Funeral March Sonata* is recorded on 5 Columbia sides (a Mazurka on the sixth) by Kilenyi : an untidy and uneven performance which I cannot recommend. There is a satisfactory and fairly recent version by Cortot on 2 H.M.V.'s ; but the old set by Rachmaninoff (4 small H.M.V.'s) is immeasurably superior in

IN spite of the excellence of many broadcast programmes, and the impressive repertory of recorded music that is now available, we still hear of people who have been unable to extract enjoyment from such reproduced music as they have heard : there are yet others who are irritated, when listening to their radio or gramophone, by an awareness that the music is coming to them at second hand. It is for just such critically minded lovers of music that we make the famous " Mark " series of gramophones, and Davey Radio. We welcome an opportunity of demonstrating to them how artistically worthy reproduced music can be when the instruments of reproduction are made individually by craftsmen. We think they will be surprised and delighted by the unexpected beauties of tone and detail that are revealed, both in recorded and in broadcast music. Above all they will appreciate the authenticity of the performance. For the benefit of those who may imagine that such excellence is only obtainable at great expense, we add that our acoustic gramophones cost from £13 10s. 0d., radio-gramophones from £53 10s. 0d., and receivers from £39.

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### PERSONAL—continued

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taste and technique to all the rest. When are we to have some more records from this superb pianist?

There is a second, and livelier, contribution from Beecham this month: a Suite (2 Cols.) from Lord Berners' ballet, *The Triumph of Neptune*, down for revival next season. This music derives a second-hand vitality from the popular tunes whose tails it twists; the fun is for the most part thin, dry, adolescent and unexhilarating, but there is one delightful absurdity, the interruption of a Frenchified polka by strains from "The Last Rose of Summer," sung in a boozy, nautical *basso profondo*.

Vocal records will have to be held over until March; but I should like to draw special attention to a wonderful little record of two Hugo Wolf songs (*Auch kleine Dinge* and *Herr, was trägt*) sung by John McCormack and available in E.M.G.'s Special List. This is more beautiful than anything in the Sixth Hugo Wolf Album, of which the indefatigable reader will find a review in the current number of *The Gramophone*. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

# Week-end Competitions

## No. 414

**Set by Geoffrey Parsons**

You are a young curate, full of hope that your aunt will induce her husband, the Bishop of Burple, to indulge in a little nepotism on your behalf. With great care you select a volume of reproductions of some of the more chaste masterpieces of painting, as a birthday gift for her. You ask the bookseller to post it on to you. When it arrives you decide that you could never re-pack it so neatly, and merely re-direct the parcel to your aunt, sending a covering letter in which, amongst other things, you say: "I know how you delight in illustrations of this sort, and I can imagine you and Uncle George spending happy evenings turning over the pages together. Who knows but that Uncle may find inspiration therein?"

The next morning a parcel is delivered and, on opening it, you find that it contains the book you bought for your aunt. With a flash of horror you remember that some days previously you ordered through the post an illustrated encyclopaedia of sex. Another epistle to your aunt seems to be indicated.

We offer the usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for the most appropriate and restorative letter.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, February 18th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.


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## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 412

**Set by B. W.**

We are accustomed to the admiration felt by publishers for authors, as expressed in their advertisements. But a new note has been struck by Mr. Claude Houghton, who gives vent in an advertisement to his admiration for his own latest novel. "My new novel is not just the familiar story of husband, wife and mistress. It is that, and its treatment is such that suspense becomes cumulative with the turning of every page, but it is much more than that. Here is the truth about many a marriage. And every character in this book is a world. Etc., etc." Since other authors for some reason have failed to employ this method of calling their wares, you are invited to do so for them; and the usual prizes will be given for the best puffs (in not more than 250 words) written for one of their books by any one of the following: Browne, Sterne, Jane Austen, Macaulay, Darwin, Samuel Butler, Disraeli, Carlyle, Pater, Henry James, Ouida, Firbank, Kipling.

**Report by B. W.**

There were many entries, almost all of them very skilful imitations of style. The nicety of the problem was to produce shameless self-praise without altering the author's character out of all recognition. By no stretch of the imagination could I conceive of Walter Pater, Darwin, or Henry James descending to this form of self-advertisement; and I admired those who attempted these authors. (In his blurb for *The Renaissance* Michael Custance achieved one sentence that I found quite convincing: "Perhaps of all writings on art and artists time will chill it least"). In Carlyle, however, there was a prophetic and propagandist fervour that might, in our more vulgar or indulgent age, lead him to sing his own praises; and E. W. Fordham has excellently imagined a blurb for the *French Revolution*, beginning: "This book, which has come near to choking the life out of me, was born in blackness, whirlwind and sorrow, yet it is not naught. For a hundred years you have not had any book that comes more direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man . . ." Macaulay and Kipling had a streak of vulgarity that enables us to imagine them indulging in this unbecoming practice. But none of the Kiplings quite came off. The whimsicality of Sterne, again, and Butler's pugnacious unconventionality might conceivably have led them to write, and sign, their own blurbs, and Elizabeth Barrett has contrived a Butler puff out of extracts from his writings. Among the best entries are those of E. Bedwell, Allan M. Laing, Guy Innes, Richard Pomfret, R. S. Jaffray, Phiz, K. M. Hamilton, E. Davis, R. Marshall Jones, William Summers, C. G. Box, but most of the others were hardly less accomplished. I am left with three contributions, the outstanding merits of which deserve reward. The Sterne and the Miss Austen are ironical, while Macaulay refers to himself in the third person as "the present writer," and therefore falls short of the naive self-assurance shown in the modern example. We are forced to conclude that no reputable author of the past could conceivably have puffed his own works with the engaging absence of false modesty shown by Mr. Houghton. I recommend that the prizes be divided between Arnold Hyde, Quintus and William Bliss.

### ESSAYS
By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

There is in these essays a comprehensiveness which we believe has never before been attempted by a single pen in the whole annals of our literature.

There may have been writers who have shown a more varied interest, although we confess we do not know where to find them; there may also have been writers with as vast a knowledge of particular circumstance, some as learned, some as accurate, some as engaging, a few as indispensable, although we never met with them or read of them. There have been many figures in our literature, some of whom take a high place in our regard, whose works have been of greater volume, and, as the partisan reader would claim, more just. But when we put all these qualities together, variety, accuracy, learning, indispensability, volume and justness, we venture to think that the present writer has set a standard of authorship for which in a darker age he would have been condemned as a sorcerer, and for which in our own times he will be made immortal. ARNOLD HYDE

### BLURB WRITTEN FROM THE DUST JACKET OF *Northanger Abbey*, BY MISS AUSTEN

This novel is written by a very amiable person—myself. It contains all the ingredients of a great masterpiece. The most distinguished and discriminating critics, including my brother, have all acknowledged it to be a work of great genius. As a study of courtship it surpasses anything written by either Miss Burney or Richardson. I have delineated all my characters in a most happy manner, and I unreservedly recommend it to the sophisticated and simple alike. It contains passages of horror which will satisfy the devotees of Mrs. Radcliffe, and ends in general felicity, which I hope will gladden all. In a word nothing to equal it has ever been published in the English or French language, with the possible exception of some of my other novels.

QUINTUS

### STERNE

"There can, as I conceive the matter," said my father, "be no reason against an author praising his own wares, for who can better know their value than he who begat them? And though it be a wise

# London Amusements

## MATINEES

*All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.*

**ALDWYCH.** Housemaster. Wed., Sat.
**AMBASSADORS.** Nuts in May. Tu., Fri.
**APOLLO.** Black Swans Sat., Feb. 19
**COLISEUM.** St. Moritz. Daily, 2.30.
**DRURY LANE.** Crest of the Wave. Wed., Sat.
**DUCHESS.** Time and the Conways. W. & S.
**DUKE of YORK'S.** Black Limelight. W., Sat.
**GARRICK.** This Money Business. Th., Sat.
**GLOBE.** "Robert's Wife." Wed. and Sat.
**HIPPODROME** "Hide and Seek." Th. & S.
**HIS MAJESTY'S.** Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.
**LYRIC.** Victoria Regina. Wed. & Thurs.
**QUEEN'S.** Three Sisters. Wed. & Sat.
**ROYALTY.** I Have Been Here Before. Th., S.
**ST. JAMES'S.** The Innocent Party. Th., Sat.
**ST. MARTIN'S.** Autumn. Tues., Fri.
**SAVOY.** Thank You, Mr. Pepys. Mon., Sat.
**STRAND.** Room Service. Thurs. & Sat.
**VAUDEVILLE.** Mirabelle. Tues., Sat.
**WESTMINSTER.** Volpone. Wed., Sat.
**WHITEHALL.** I Killed the Count. W. & S.
**WYNDHAM'S.** George & Margaret. W., S.

## THEATRES

**ALDWYCH.** EVENINGS, 8.30. Tem. 6404.
Mats., WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, 2.30.
**HOUSEMASTER**
A Farcical Comedy by IAN HAY.

**AMBASSADORS.** (Tem. Bar 1171).
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
**NUTS IN MAY,** A New Comedy
MAGDA KUN, PETER HADDON, STEVE GERAY.

**APOLLO.** (Ger. 2663.)
Tues. 8 (Subs. 8.30). 1st Mat., Sat. Feb. 19th, 2.30.
**BLACK SWANS**
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**COLISEUM,** Charing X. Tem. 3161 (7 lines).
2.30 and 8.15 DAILY.
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IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON.
MARIE LOHR in
**CREST OF THE WAVE**
MUST Positively Finish Feb. 26th.

**DUCHESS,** Catherine St., W.C.2. TEM 8243.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON in J. B. Priestley's
**TIME AND THE CONWAYS**

**DUKE OF YORK'S.** Temple Bar 5122. Evgs. 8.30.
Matinees, WED. & SAT., 2.30.
MARGARET RAWLINGS in
**BLACK LIMELIGHT**

**GARRICK.** Tem. 4601. 8.30. Mats., Th., Sat. 2.30.
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By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

**HIPPODROME.** Ger. 3272. EVGS., 8.15.
Mats., THURS. and SATS., at 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES and CICELY COURTNEIDGE
in **"HIDE AND SEEK"**

**HIS MAJESTY'S.** (Whi. 6606.) EVGS., 8.15.
**BALALAIKA** A Musical Play.
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**THREE SISTERS**

**ROYALTY.** (Ger. 7331.) Evenings at 8.30.
Matinees, THURS. & SAT., 2.30.
**I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE**
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

**ST. JAMES'S.** Whi. 3903.
Evenings, 8.40. Matinees, Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
**THE INNOCENT PARTY**
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**ST. MARTIN'S.** (Tem. 1443). Evgs. 8.30, Tu. F. 2.30.
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**SAVOY.** (Temple Bar 8888.)
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Mon., Sat., 2.30.
EDMUND GWENN and W. P. LIPSCOMB in
**THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS.**

**STRAND.** (Tem. 2660.) 8.30. Thur., Sat., 2.30.
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**VAUDEVILLE.** (Tem. 4871.) Evgs. 8.30. Tu., S., 2.30.
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**I KILLED THE COUNT**
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**WYNDHAM'S.** Tem. 3028.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., Wed. and Sats., at 2.30.
**"GEORGE and MARGARET"**
COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY.

## FILMS

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DIRECTED BY NICOLIA EKK.

## REPERTORY THEATRES

**THE PLAYHOUSE, LIVERPOOL.**
Evgs., 7.45. Mats., Sat., 2.30.
**Weights and Measures.** By Keith Winter.

**HULL.** Little.
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m.
**To Have and to Hold.** By Lionel Brown.

**MANCHESTER REPERTORY THEATRE**
Evenings at 7.30. Mats., Sat., 2.30.
**Queen for a Year.** By Armitage Owen.

## EXHIBITIONS

S.I.A.
AN EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS
BY
CHILDREN IN BARCELONA SCHOOLS
will be opened at
21 Frith Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1, on Thursday the 17th February, 1938. The exhibition will be open daily from noon till 8 p.m. including Saturday the 19th February. After that date the exhibition will be open from Monday to Friday each week.

ALSO NEEDLEWORK BY REFUGEE WOMEN IN CATALONIA WILL BE ON VIEW AND ON SALE.

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DR. MARGARITA CAMPS, Professor of Biology at Barcelona University, will lecture on "Education in Spain To-day," at 6 p.m. on Saturday, February 12th, at the Spain Shop and Exhibition, 254 Euston Road, N.W.1. New consignment of pottery from Spain. Last two days of Spain Shop.

## ART

ARTHUR SEGALS' PAINTING SCHOOL for Professionals and non-Professionals has classes: DAILY 10–5. EVENING CLASS 6–8 and a special branch: Psychological Occupational Work. Prospectus from: 4 York house, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.1. Telephone: Chancery 7914.

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child that knows its own father—I speak, in course, peirastically, my dear brother— "

"In course," said my uncle Toby.

"Now what, I wonder, does he think I mean?" murmured my father. "Yet," he continued, "any father (who has taken precautions) should be certain of his own child. . . . As for the saw—'Good wine needs no bush'—it is a foolish saying. As well might— "

"Very true, brother," said my Uncle Toby, "for when we were in Flanders how else should we have known—!"

"When Artemidorus, the sophist of Alexandria," continued my father, "was blamed by his rivals for causing a trumpet to be blown in the streets of that city announcing his lectures, he replied 'All men desire gold, but much remains hidden in the earth because they know not where to seek it.' Hence my dear Tristram . . . "

"Tell me, Yorick," interrupted Eugenius, "Will your tenth volume truly be better than the other nine?"

"Without question," I said, "for it will contain the sum of the wisdom of all the ages (to say nothing of their follies), and it will very presently be apparent that no other books are necessary to be read, for I am convinced that the mystery of printing was disclosed by God to Mynheer Coster or Gutenberg (whichever of 'em it was) for the sole purpose of the dissemination of the Life of Tristram Shandy . . ."

WILLIAM BLISS

# CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

### PROBLEM 267.—VERY ODD NUMBERS

*By G. E. L. Newton.*

Bobby and four other boys have formed a club for the collection and exchange of cigarette cards.

I found him poring over the list of numbers which were required by each to complete his set of Coronation cards.

"It's most extraordinary, Uncle," he said, "we have all got 45 cards out of the 50 and yet no one wants the same cards as anyone else. On top of that nobody wants any even numbers."

"I've just made a list of them and I find that everyone's list totals the same. And, look, we only want one each of numbers that end in 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9. Oh no, that's wrong," he said, after a second glance, "There's one that doesn't want a number ending in 7."

I took the list and studied it, wondering how many combinations would satisfy all the conditions that Bobby mentioned. They were, of course, numerous, but a little additional information ties them down very satisfactorily.

So here is a problem:

The highest card that Alfred wants is No. 35. Eric's highest is 29.

Colin's lowest requirement is 9 and David's is 3.

Bobby wants 1 and 49.

*Who wants No. 13?*

### PROBLEM 265.—DAFFODIL AND DAPHNE

*Daphne scored 19 points.*

*Solution by E. T. Goodwin.*

It is readily ascertained that a competitor can obtain any number of points between ± 45 inclusive, except ± 44, ± 38.

Daphne must therefore have either (i) at least 23, (ii) 22, or (iii) 19 points, since she cannot double her score, and neglecting negative values since we are told that she did well.

(i) and (ii) are impossible since Daffodil did better her first year, and yet doubled her score in the second. (iii) is thus the solution.

### PROBLEM 264.—LAWN TENNIS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Malcolm Thomson, 27 Willow Road, Hampstead, N.W.3. *Six* points are awarded.

### PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

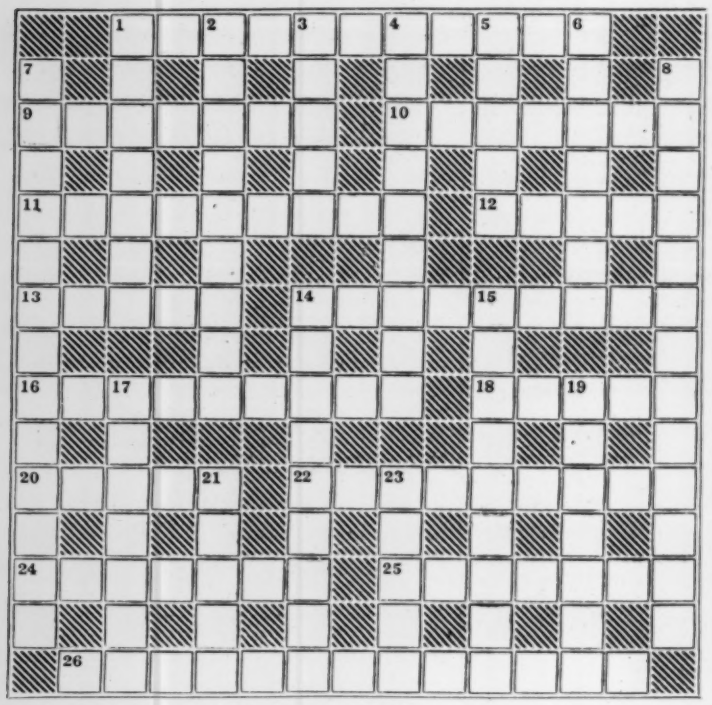
[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

**SWITZERLAND.** The Junior-Headmaster of the "Ecole Les Rayons" modern school for boys and girls from 6-18, at Gland (Lake Geneva) in London from 17th to 20th February, to give personal information to parents who intend to send their children to Switzerland. Please communicate with Mr. Harold Baruschke, Abbotsford Hotel, Russell Square, (Museum 9403) either by 'phone or letter for an appointment. Curriculum includes preparation for Matriculation, American Coll. Board Entrance Exam., Swiss Maturity. Sound moral and physical education. All sports, winter and summer. Special and summer holiday courses in French, German, English. Recreation in most beautiful surroundings.

# WEEK-END CROSSWORD 414

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

No correct solution was received to last week's Crossword.

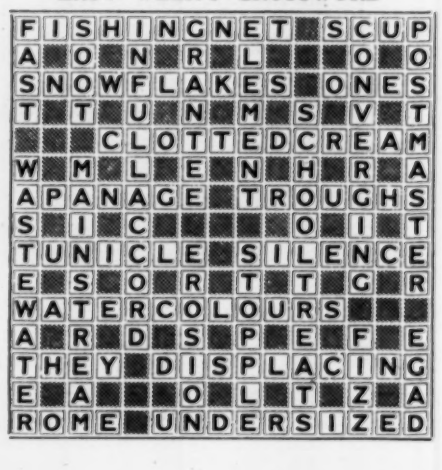
### ACROSS

1. Not the sort of plan for Simple Simon. (11)
9. Where landladies of course couldn't close on one. (7)
10. Cupid befogged. (7)
11. Bird not Bird-cage Walk. (9)
12. Does it involve having another trying time? (5)
13 (rev.). It has, of course, been totted up. (5)
14. Often overstacked by the farmer. (9)
16. Mainz wrecked by Reds. (9)
18. The return of the savage Mongol. (5)
20. The game is to put a pin in. (5)
22. You must lump it if your tea isn't sweet enough. (9)
24. England, in short, will have wet weather. (7)
25. They took French leave. (7)
26. Old English repository? (13)

### DOWN

1. The hero in a mean lodging. (7)
2. Her cookery is voluminous. (9)
3. The smallest broken slate. (5)
4. One who plots must evidently study the tops of the churches. (9)
5. He's game at any game. (5)
6. State of one who has just drawn unemployment benefit? (7)
7. They are intended to stop barking (13)
8. How the guest pushes off? (13)
14. Street railings as it were. (9)
15. Crossword puzzles. (9)
17. If A were a dog he would be selfish. (7)
19. How you should write this word. (7)
21. The initial jump. (5)
23. A ray, not X-ray. (5)

### LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD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SNOWFLAKES ONES
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E S O R T T G R
WATERCOLOURS
A R D S P E F E
THEY DISPLACING
E A O L T Z A
ROME UNDERSIZED

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

**Rates, and all information on page 266**

### LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

A Course of four Lectures on "THE ARMY ASPECT OF MILITARY AFFAIRS FROM 1899 TO THE PRESENT DAY" will be given by GENERAL SIR W. EDMUND IRONSIDE, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (General Officer Commanding-in-Chief Eastern Command), at KING'S COLLEGE (Strand, W.C.2), on FRIDAYS, FEBRUARY 18th and 25th, and MARCH 4th and 11th, at 5.30 p.m. At the first Lecture the Chair will be taken by Field-Marshal Sir William R. Birdwood, Bt., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., C.I.E., D.S.O., LL.D. (Master of Peterhouse).

A Lecture on "ASPECTS OF THE STATUTE BOOK" will be given by Mr. CECIL T. CARR, LL.D., at KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON (Strand, W.C.2), on WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd, at 5.30 p.m.

ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET.

S. J. WORSLEY,
Academic Registrar.

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ANNIVERSARY of the Spanish Elections at the Kingsway Hall, London, W.C., Wednesday, 16th Feb., 7.45 p.m. Chairman: Rt. Hon. Lord Addison. Speakers: Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee, M.P., Aneurin Bevan, M.P., Lord Faringdon, Dr. H. B. Morgan, Tom Williams, M.P. (all recently returned from Spain). London Labour Choral Union (conducted by Alan Bush) will sing Spanish songs. Admission Free. Some reserved seats. Apply: SPANISH MEDICAL AID COMMITTEE, 24 New Oxford Street, W.1.

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LIBERALISM AND CURRENT PROBLEMS.

LECTURES at 8.15 p.m.

In the MANSON HALL, 26 PORTLAND PLACE, W.1 (Near Broadcasting House).

Feb. 15. "The Problem of our Declining Population," by Professor A. M. CARR-SAUNDERS, M.A. Chairman: Miss ELEANOR RATHBONE, M.P.

Tickets for each lecture (2s. and 1s.) and Syllabus on application to the Lecture Committee, Liberal Party Organisation, 42 Parliament Street, S.W.1, or tickets may be obtained at the Hall on the evening of the Lecture.

---

"ARISTOCRATS." A special performance for Spanish Medical Aid. Unity Theatre, Goldington Street, St. Pancras. Saturday, Feby. 19th, 8.15. Tickets 1s. to 3s. 6d. direct from theatre. Euston 5391.

---

CENTRAL London Group L.B.C. "THE PROBLEM OF THE PRESS" at the large Conway Hall, on Friday, February 18th, at 8 p.m. Speakers: Hamilton Fyfe, Kingsley Martin, John Strachey. Tickets 6d. from B. Reid, c/o 14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

---

SOME MODERN PROBLEMS. A series of Talks and Discussions for those concerned about present-day World Problems has been arranged to take place at LANGDALE ESTATE in the ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, from Wednesday, April 6th to 12th. The subjects to be discussed include Education, Health and Fitness, International Affairs, War, Unemployment. As accommodation is limited, early application is desirable. Further particulars may be obtained by writing "Conference N," Langdale Estate, Great Langdale, near Ambleside.

---

VEGETARIAN Cookery Demonstrations by Mr. Rudolf Wassmann at Crosse and Blackwell's, 20 Soho Square, W.C.1, at 5.0 p.m., Thursdays, Feb. 10th, 17th, 24th. Fee 3s. a class, payable at door.

---

LEONARD BARNES will speak on COLONIES at Essex Hall, Essex St., Strand, at 8.30 p.m. on FRIDAY, FEB. 18th. Tickets (5s. 2s. 6d., 1s.) from N. F. R. B., 37 Gt. James St., W.C.1, or AT DOOR.

---

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, February 13th, at 11, DR. STANTON COIT: "MY VENTURES IN NORMAL INSIGHT." 6.30, H. J. BLACKHAM: "DOCTRINE IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND."

---

THREE lectures on the "Outlook in Europe" will be given under the auspices of the Kensington Branch of the League of Nations Union by Dr. G. P. Gooch, at 5.30 p.m. on Tuesdays, 15th and 22nd of February, in Kensington Town Hall. Tickets may be obtained from MISS CHARLESWORTH, Kensington High School, St. Alban's Road, W.8. Course 2s. 6d., single lectures 1s.; reduction for schools.

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FREE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT towards world religion and world brotherhood. Meetings on Sundays at 11 a.m., at Lindsey Hall, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, W.8. Leader: REV. WILL HAYES. Feb. 13th, KAHLIL GIBRAN'S JESUS.

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SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, February 13th, at 11 a.m.: PROFESSOR JOHN HILTON, M.A.: "THE CITIZEN AND THE LAW." 6.30 p.m., Concert Chamber Music. Admission free. Visitors welcome.

---

YOUTH HOUSE, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. Lectures at 8 p.m. Monday, Feb. 14th: "NATIONAL SOCIALISM IN GREAT BRITAIN," MR. GREENWOOD. Monday, Feb. 21st: "REMBRANDT," Lantern Lecture, MRS. V. E. PLINCKE. March 7th: "COMMUNISM," JOHN GOLLAN.

---

F.P.S.I. NORMAN HAIRE on "Sexual Freedom and Its Limitations." Wednesday, Feb. 16th, at 8 p.m., at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tickets: Members 6d., non-members 1s., from Secretary, F.P.S.I., 4 Fitzroy Street, W.1.

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WED., Feb. 16th, 8.15. A.I.A. Lecture by GRAHAM BELL: "COURBET." William Coldstream in the Chair. 9 Gt. Newport Street, W.C.2.

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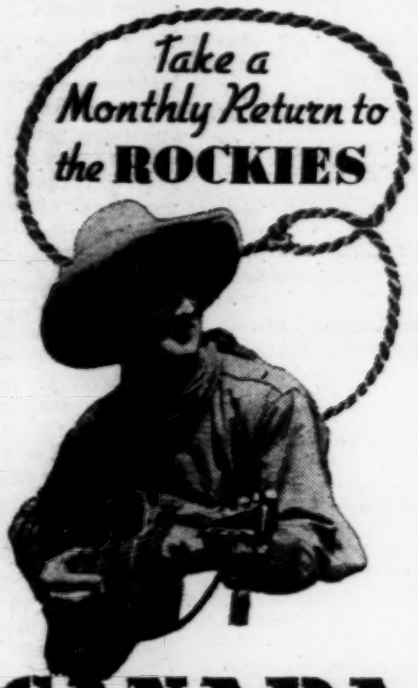


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### LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE ASSOCIATION OF SCIENTIFIC WORKERS. Five Lectures on SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Wednesday, Feb. 16th: SIR RICHARD GREGORY, Bart., F.R.S., on "SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY."

Thursday, Feb. 24th: SIR JOHN RUSSELL, D.Sc., F.R.S., on "THE APPLICATION OF SCIENCE TO FOOD PRODUCTION."

Wednesday, Mar. 2nd: MAJOR F. A. FREETH, O.B.E., D.Sc., Ph.D., F.R.S., on "SCIENCE AND THE CHEMICAL INDUSTRY."

Wednesday, Mar. 9th: DR. E. A. RUDGE, Ph.D., F.I.C., A.M.I.Chem.E., on "TRAINING FOR INDUSTRY."

Thursday, Mar. 17th: DR. F. S. SINNATT, C.B., M.B.E., on "THE FUEL RESEARCH SURVEY."

The lectures will be held at 8.15 p.m. in the Chemistry Theatre, University College of London. Tickets are obtainable in advance from the SECRETARY, 28 Hogarth Road, S.W.5, free to members and 1s. 6d. to non-members for the series, 6d. for any one lecture. Obtainable at the door, 1s. 6d. for the series, 6d. for one lecture.

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Sunday, February 27th, at 8.15 p.m. Cambridge Theatre, W.C.2. Tickets, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., obtainable from members of S.C.R., 98 Gower Street, W.C.1 (EUSton 2315).

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### MISCELLANEOUS

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# THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

EQUITIES AND GILT-EDGED—OIL OUTLOOK—GAS INDUSTRY PROBLEMS

BRITISH industrial shares have not been able to stand up to the continued rise in the unemployment returns. Nor did the slump in Wall Street at the beginning of the week help market sentiment. As long as there remains small prospect of an increase in industrial earnings and dividends, ordinary share values must fall. Whether we are at the beginning of a long-term cyclical decline or merely a short-term recession depends upon Roosevelt, Hitler and Mussolini in more or less that order of priority. The following extracts from the Actuaries' Investment Index show the fall in British industrial shares and the rise in industrial equity yields :

| | Price Indices (Dec. 31st, 1928 = 100). | | Average Yields. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Dec. 29th, 1936. | Feb. 1st. 1938. | Dec. 29th, 1936. | Feb. 1st. 1938. |
| Building Materials .. | 104.7 | 83.6 | 4.80 | 6.98 |
| Iron and Steel .. .. | 83.0 | 62.4 | 3.76 | 6.50 |
| All Industrials .. .. | 90.8 | 72.5 | 3.68 | 4.93 |

The only firm spot is still the gilt-edged market. The Bristol Corporation 3½ per cent. 1961–66 loan at 101½ went with a bang. Over £58,000,000 was subscribed—twenty-nine times the amount solicited—in five minutes ; applications for less than £2,000 were ruled out, larger applicants receiving 3 per cent. ; and dealings began at ⅛ premium. Emboldened by Bristol's success, Birmingham Corporation ventured this week a departure from the recent 3½ per cent. municipal loan basis, and offered £5,000,000 of 3¼ per cent. 1957–62 stock at 98, giving a flat yield of £3 6*s*. 4*d*. per cent., as compared with £3 8*s*. 11*d*. in the case of Bristol, though the yield to redemption—£3 7*s*. 6*d*.—is approximately the same in both cases. The "try on" failed.

* * *

As long ago as October 30th I was writing that gasoline stocks in the United States were high and that, unless a fairly large reduction in crude oil output were secured, crude oil prices would have to be cut. To-day the warning must be repeated, for the oil situation is far worse. The present stocks of gasoline are the highest ever recorded, and in view of the decline in consumption another radical cut both in crude oil production and in refinery operations will be required if the present accumulation of stocks is to be ended. The producers in the various States have taken steps to curtail output, and I hear that if the recent order to close the Texas oil wells on Sundays is ineffective in restoring the balance between supply and demand, the Texas Railroad Commission will order producers to close down two days a week. The trouble is that, although the individual States make an attempt to restrict output, there is no central authority to impose its will on the oil industry. Further, the prices of crude oil have been pegged in the United States for years—mid-continent at $1.22 per barrel—in spite of the fact that gasoline prices have fallen since the autumn by 20 per cent. and heavy fuel prices by 33⅓ per cent. There is no doubt that crude oil prices must come down, and it is clear that the large groups such as Standard Oil and Shell Union, which are buyers of crude oil for a portion of their refinery requirements, would benefit by the reduction. For the holders of British oil shares the immediate concern is the price of British petrol. News of a cut of 1*d*. per gallon may come at any time, for the cost of imported petrol has fallen steadily since January. This, however, should not affect the dividends to be declared by the leading companies in May and June, or jeopardise the maintenance of dividends in respect of 1938, so that if a cut in petrol prices were to put the oil share market lower, I would buy the following shares :

| | Price. | Last Div. %. | Est. Div. %. | Gross Yield %. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Shell Transport and Trading | 4 11/16 | 18¾ net + cap. bonus 20 | *20 net | £5 13 9 |
| Burmah Oil .. .. .. | 5⅝ | 27½ | 30 | £5 15 0 |
| Anglo-Iranian .. .. .. | 3⅝ | 25 + cap. bonus of 50 | *20 | £5 3 3 |
| Trinidad Leaseholds .. .. | 4⅞ | †25 | *30 | £6 5 0 |

* On new capital. † One new share issued for four held at £3 15*s*.

* * *

I have not included in this table the shares of any "straight" producing company, but there may be an opportunity in the next few weeks to acquire cheaply the shares of Venezuelan Oil Concessions, which have fallen on the announcement of the new issue (one new share at par for every two held). I understand that the Royal Dutch-Shell group are contemplating a big expansion programme in Central Venezuela, as Mexico can no longer be regarded (for political reasons) as a reliable source of supply. The 1937 accounts of V.O.C. have not yet been published, but I estimate earnings of around 35 per cent. and a dividend of around 25 per cent., which would allow a yield of 9½ per cent. at the present price of 1¾ cum bonus. These earnings would be equivalent to about 23½ per cent. on the new capital before allowing for exploration reserve, but in view of the recent fall in fuel oil prices it would not be safe to estimate more than 15 per cent. or 17½ per cent. on the increased capital. This would allow a yield of £7 4*s*. per cent., or £8 8*s*. per cent. on the ex bonus price of the shares.

* * *

In his annual address to shareholders in the Gas Light and Coke Company, Sir David Milne-Watson gave an interesting review of the problems raised for gas producers and distributors by increasing costs. In particular, he was rightly critical of the monopoly powers conferred by Parliament on the coal industry without adequate safeguards against the exploitation of the consumer under the Statutary selling schemes. For 1937 the company's gross revenue, at £13,573,000, showed an increase of £538,000 ; but rising costs swallowed up the gain, and the dividend of 5.6 per cent. on the ordinary stock was fractionally short-earned. Sales of gas rose by 3¼ million therms, bringing in an extra £100,000 in gross receipts ; but the bulk of the year's increased revenue came from sales of residual products (coke, breeze and tar) and, to a lesser extent from rentals of meters and stoves. The ordinary shares are reasonably priced at around 24*s*. 6*d*., to yield about £4 13*s*. per cent. In view of increased coal costs the maintenance of the current dividend depends largely on the ability of the management, which is efficient and progressive, to stimulate not merely sales of residuals but a further steady increase in the use of household gas appliances for heating, cooking and refrigeration.

PROFITS STILL RISING

"The Economist" in its issue of January 15, states :—

"Investors and the Exchequer may be fairly safe in reckoning on at least another year of rising earnings, despite the set-back to prices in the later months of last year and the possibility of a moderate check to business activity in 1938 ; for changes in profits fall at least a year behind changes in business."

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THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE AND THE BURMA CIVIL SERVICE (CLASS I).
The entry for the I.C.S. and for the Burma Civil Service (Class I) closes this year on the 11th April. The recruitment of Europeans will be partly by selection and partly by written competitive examination. A candidate is at liberty to apply for appointment by both methods, but a separate form must be used for each. Forms may be obtained from the Services Department at the India Office or from the Appointments Boards of Universities in the British Isles. The age limits are 21 to 24 on the 1st August. Candidates for appointment by selection without written examination must have taken a good Honours Degree, but those who are sitting for their Final Honours Schools this year may be admitted provisionally. Full particulars can be had by applying to the Services Department at the India Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.
India Office.
January, 1938.

CITY OF COVENTRY
APPOINTMENT OF ARCHIVIST
The Corporation of Coventry invite applications from qualified persons for the appointment of Archivist.
The post is open to men and women possessing the requisite qualifications. Applicants must be Graduates (preferably in History); must have a competent knowledge of Latin, Norman-French and Early English; and must be trained in palaeography and the care of MSS. Practical experience of reference library work will be a recommendation. Age must not exceed 40.
The salary offered is £305 per annum, rising (subject to satisfactory service) by annual increments of £15 per annum to a maximum of £350. The post is designated for superannuation purposes.
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